MUTINY IN THE ARCTIC

The Real Story of the Greely Expedition at Last

By GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

JUNE 30,
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Liberty

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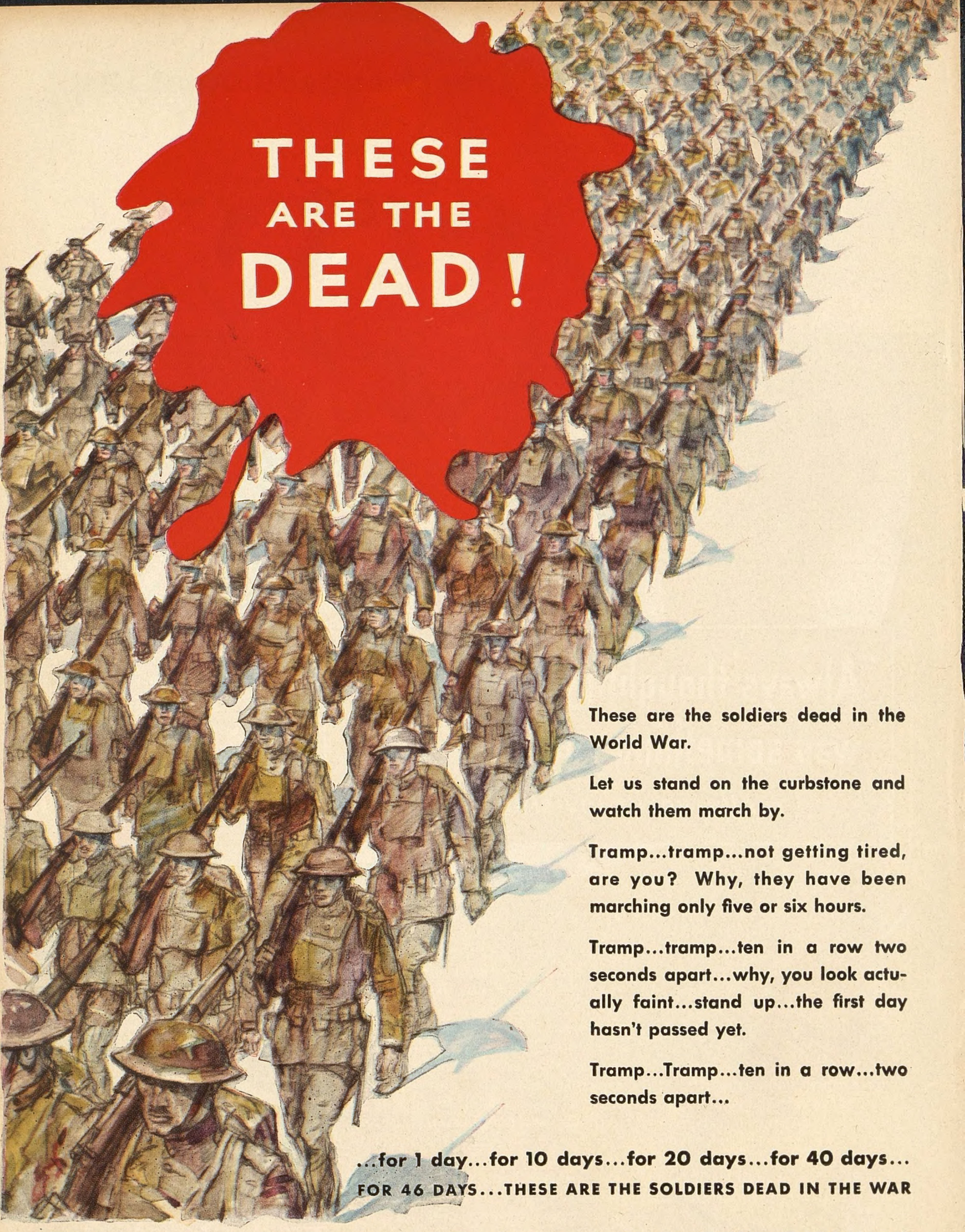

These are the soldiers dead in the World War.

Let us stand on the curbstone and watch them march by.

Tramp...tramp...not getting tired, are you? Why, they have been marching only five or six hours.

Tramp...tramp...ten in a row two seconds apart...why, you look actually faint...stand up...the first day hasn't passed yet.

Tramp...Tramp...ten in a row...two seconds apart...

...for 1 day...for 10 days...for 20 days...for 40 days...

FOR 46 DAYS...THESE ARE THE SOLDIERS DEAD IN THE WAR

This advertisement, written by Bruce Barton, painted by J. W. Schlaikjer, and presented here through the co-operation of Liberty and the courtesy of the American Magazine, is the fourth exhibit of an educational campaign dramatizing the horrors of war; a campaign which Henry Ewald has called "a bold, practical plan which dwarfs all former use of advertising." Co-operation to develop this campaign into a persistent, extensive, efficient drive for Peace is invited by World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

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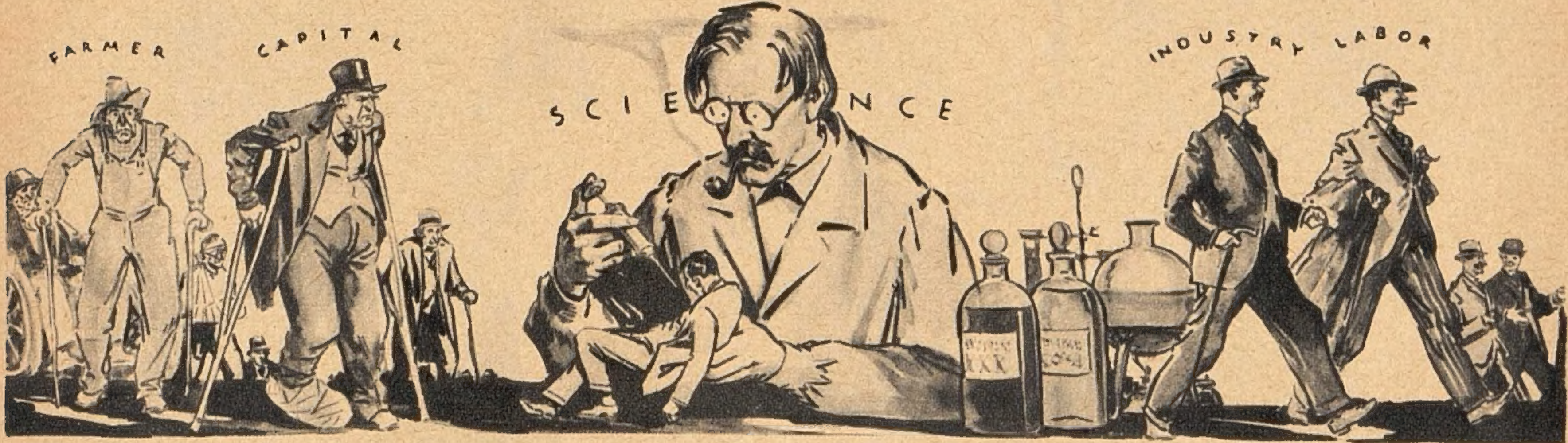
SCIENCE BLAZES NEW TRAILS



CANADIAN business has come to the scientific laboratory in order to solve some of its most vexatious problems.

Science has reduced most of these problems to mere chemical formulæ, discerning in test tubes new ways for more profit.

A few months ago a worried poultry dealer visited one of the government-sponsored research bureaus. He had a real problem on his hands—several thousand, as a matter of fact.

In his warehouse were hundreds of cases of eggs for which he had been unable to find a market. The harassed wholesaler ardently sought a means of paying proper deference to such ripe and mellow old age by giving his multitude of eggs a prompt and permanent burial, either in land or water.

The municipal authorities denied him such funereal privileges on account of pollution.

Life for that wholesaler became a constant nightmare—a modern Dante's Inferno, peopled with the troubled spirits of myriads of eggs clamoring odoriferously for instant interment. In desperation he had sought the services of science.

A means of satisfactory disposal was promptly arranged. But the searching scientific mind went far beyond the fulfillment of this immediate necessity. It was concerned chiefly with the elimination of the cause of future surpluses.

In pursuit of this objective it sought further—to create, if possible, a by-product from the wholesaler's overage that would net him a profit.

A month later some surprising scientific data had been assembled concerning the common garden variety of egg. The men of science had discovered singular chemical properties in its golden yolk—a color, incidentally, which augured well for the future condition of his bank balance. The yolk of an egg, it was learned, upset entirely the age-old tradition. Oil and water *did* mix, with the assistance of certain chemical derivatives of the egg.

The problem was then to find some commercial use for this unique discovery. Science began its explorations afresh.

Exhaustive studies were made throughout all types of industry. The search ended in the fur industry. In the treating of fur pelts a combination of oil and water was essential.

The wholesaler is no longer confronted with the ignominious rôle of funeral director to several thousand venerable eggs during the seasons of surplus. Indeed, he actually welcomes an overabundance during peak seasons.

Science has supplied him with a formula which enables him to produce a by-product from egg yolks to be sold throughout the entire fur industry.

Science has played a big part in our business recovery. Hard-pressed industry has taken its problems to the laboratory.

The result has been less wastage, more production, increased profit, and more employment.

Science has played an equally important part in agriculture. No one may conjecture with any exactitude how much Canada owes to improved farming methods and how much the progressive farmer owes to science.

Both industry and agriculture have been the benefactors of science in point of production. It would be a great step forward if science could apply itself just as constructively to the problems of distribution.

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"Always thought pyorrhea was something you could see."

(*really works invisibly for years*)

NO, Mr. Average Citizen, you are wrong about that! Pyorrhea works below the surface, and sometimes gives no warning for years. A tooth may be clean and white and well-cared-for, and yet it may be the first to surrender to the insidious sapping of pyorrhea.

In fact, *only a dentist* can recognize and treat pyorrhea in these early stages. It is one of the most important services a dentist can perform—a real *service of prevention*. In most American communities, a dentist finds that more than half of the losses of adult teeth are due to the prevalence of this treacherous disease of the gums.

It is a serious matter—this care of the teeth and gums—and should be seriously regarded. One specialist (Dr. R. J. Forhan) devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research, and thousands of dental surgeons from coast to coast are using Dr. Forhan's treatment in their pyorrhea practice. Probably your own dentist is one of them.

Yes, the care of the teeth and gums *is* a serious business. Don't look upon a toothpaste as a simple cleanser—a sweet-flavored soap. Don't look upon it as a mere cosmetic. When you get a toothpaste for yourself and your family, *get the best*. Get a serious toothpaste—get *Forhan's*, embodying Dr. Forhan's home treatment. Use it between visits to the dentist's office. Aside from its protection-quality, it is the finest toothpaste money can buy.

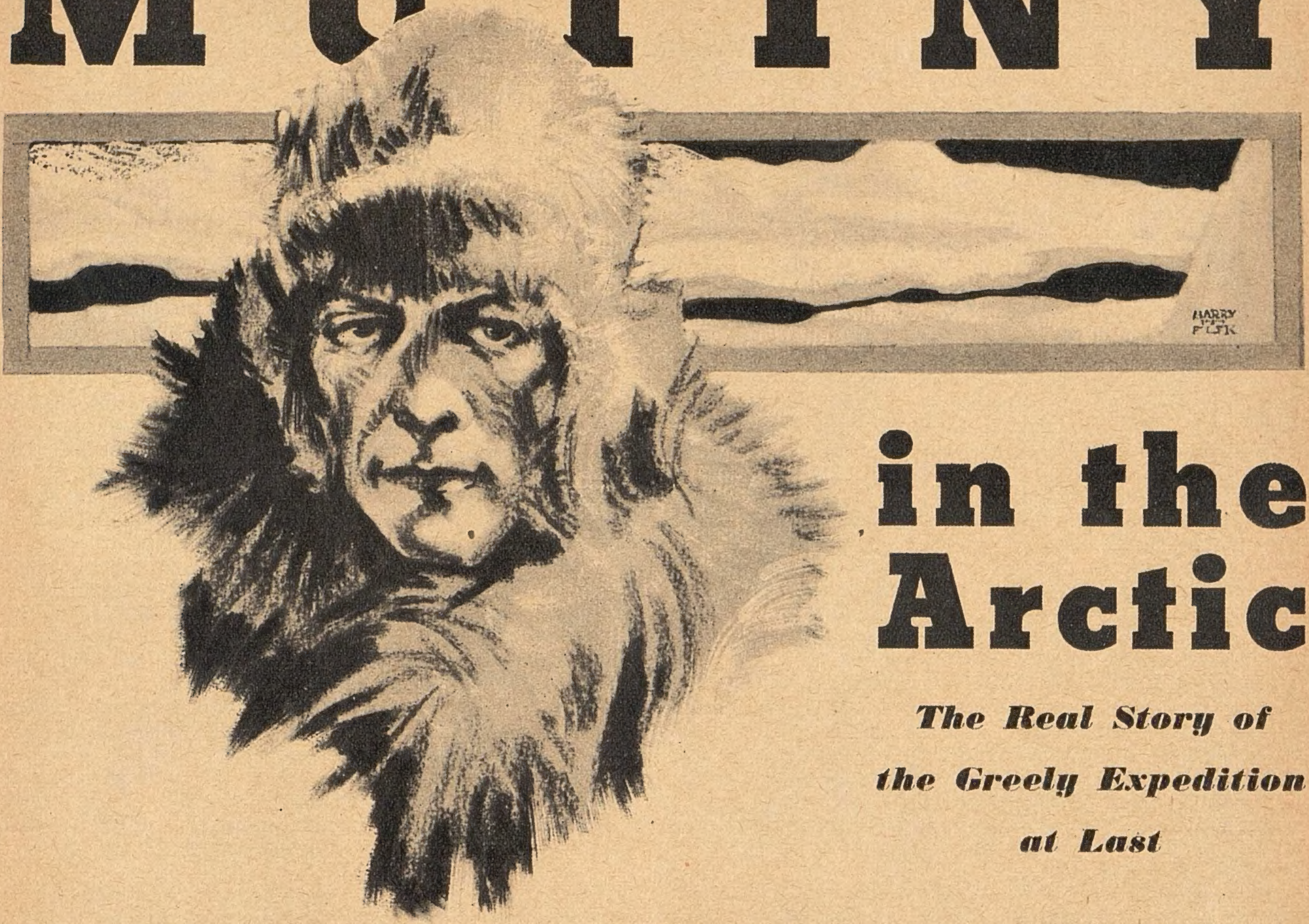
Beware of artificial teeth—keep your own instead. Don't wait for bleeding gums and such warnings. They may come too late. Insist that the whole family use Forhan's Toothpaste twice a day, and check up with the dentist every six months. Forhan's is pleasant to the taste, its texture is not so thin as to be wasteful, and it goes a long way. Read the directions for both teeth *and* gums. All drug stores. Made in Canada. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

Serious thought about teeth and gums leads to the use of

Forhan's

Beginning a Stirring Saga in Ice and Death

MUTINY in the Arctic



The Real Story of the Greely Expedition at Last

by GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IT was General Greely's Arctic experiences that made him a world celebrity, and it is in connection with them that the name of this wonderful man, who has talked with George Washington's officers, with Revolutionary soldiers of 1776, and who still lives, is most widely known today.

They are an epic of the Far North and of leadership in heroism if ever there has been one; the history of them is one of the most moving true tales of tenacity and privation on record; and through them the General contributed illustriously to science.

But his achievements and contributions in other fields never should be or can be forgotten. Is it realized that he is also the foster father of aviation? That he created the modern Signal Corps of the United States Army, completed the Alaska telegraph cables, procured the first automobiles and the first radios for the army, put into operation the first long-distance radio communication ever installed? Or that he ended his active service in command of the troops at San Francisco immediately after the great fire of 1906—having begun it in 1861, and having fought with marked distinction through the Civil War?

Adolphus Washington Greely was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on March 27, 1844. He received the somewhat stern yet character-forming education that was given in the New England public schools of his young days. His maternal grandfather had fought in the Revolution. It is no wonder that after Fort Sumter was fired on he managed to enlist as a private, although he was still only seventeen. His original regiment was the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteers. With it he fought gallantly at Ball's Bluff, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, in three of which battles he was wounded. He was captain and brevet major before he was twenty-one. The end of the war found him an officer in a Negro regiment with a creditable record.

Sent West, he saw service against the Indians. In 1867 he was detailed to the Signal Corps. It was he who, surmounting formidable difficulties, finished the construction of the telegraph lines along the Texas frontier.

The next of his great deeds was his Arctic expedition—my theme in this series of articles. After it he was made Chief of the Signal Corps, and he fought and defeated the army reactionaries who wanted to do away with the corps, though when the Spanish War began he had to build it up from practically nothing. He located Cervera's fleet in Santiago Harbor ten days before the navy knew where it was, and he advised attacking Santiago instead of Havana. This resulted in the war's quick ending. At its inception I had been assigned as a second lieutenant to the Signal Corps; I was the youngest of the officers under him.

His service as a moving spirit in bringing about the birth of aviation can hardly be overestimated. He fostered aëronautics before most people knew there was any such thing. With characteristic foresight he prevailed on Professor Langley to build the first man-carrying heavier-than-air machine, and requested the Congressional appropriation that enabled him to do it. This is what really led to our conquest of the air. General Greely inculcated into all of us in his corps the feeling that some day we would fly. Even while engaged in the construction of the telegraph lines in Alaska in 1901, I was giving the subject assiduous study that was to stand me in good stead later on.

The General retired in 1908. In 1917 he was bereft of his wife, for thirty-nine years his devoted helpmate and adviser. In 1928 he wrote his noteworthy book, Polar Regions in the Twentieth Century; I know of no other work of comparable scope ever done by a man of eighty-five. He now lives in the glorious sunset of his days at his home in Georgetown, D. C. As one of his old officers and great admirers, I consider it a privilege to refresh his country's memory of the Arctic high light of his remarkable career.

WILLIAM MITCHELL

PART ONE—THREE CHANCES FOR THEIR LIVES

HIS service in the Signal Corps, his knowledge of electricity and instruments, and his familiarity with the work of the Weather Bureau brought Greely in direct line for the command of the Arctic expedition of 1881-84, which turned out to be one of the most remarkable voyages into the unknown ever made by man.

This was no haphazard Pole-seeking adventure. It was the result of an agreement between several nations in the Northern Hemisphere to establish a number of stations in the Arctic to report upon ice, water, and climatic conditions, and to gather all information possible about the flora, fauna, and geology of the region. The expedition was to establish a station north of the eighty-first degree of north latitude, at Lady Franklin Bay, Grinnell Land, just across the Robeson Channel from northern Greenland. The force was to consist of volunteers, Greely and two other officers, twenty-one enlisted men, and one contract surgeon. Greely was authorized to obtain necessary equipment and hire a steam whaler or sealer to transport the party from St. John's, Newfoundland.

Minutely detailed instructions were given by General Hazen, then Chief Signal Officer. A vessel was to be sent to the party each year. In case she failed to reach them in 1882, she would cache supplies, letters, and dispatches on the east coast of Grinnell Land, and also establish a small depot on Littleton Island, leaving notices of what had been done at Cape Hawks, Cape Sabine, and Cape Isabella. It is important to remember this in view of what happened later.

The order further stated that in case the permanent station of Greely's command was not reached in 1882, the vessel sent in 1883 would remain in Smith Sound until danger of its closing by ice, and on leaving would land all her supplies and a party prepared for the winter's stay on Littleton Island, and send sleds up the east side of Grinnell Land to meet Greely's party. If not met in 1883, Greely was ordered to retreat to the south by the east coast of Grinnell Land.

Smith Sound, north of Baffin Bay, was always thought to be an avenue of approach to the " Northwest Passage " to the Pacific Ocean. Various expeditions had been made there in the nineteenth century. They had assembled a great deal of valuable information, which Greely studied closely.

Fourteen circumpolar stations were eventually established, two by the United States. One of these was at Point Barrow, Alaska. The other at Lady Franklin Bay, in 81° 44′ north latitude, was the station farthest north.

The whole preparation of the Greely expedition devolved upon Greely himself, with an appropriation of only $25,000. The steam barkentine-rigged sealer Proteus, of 467 tons, was sheathed, armored, and otherwise equipped for work in the ice. Three fourths of the appropriation was required for chartering this boat, leaving only about $6,000 for the equipment of the party. This included scientific instruments, fuel, boats, dogs, fur clothing, food, and camp equipage.

The personnel was carefully selected from many volunteers. Edward Israel, an astronomer, enlisted in the army so as to accompany the expedition, as did Rice, a professional photographer. In addition to their technical and military training, most of the men had seen hard service on the Western frontier.

The expedition assembled at St. John's, Newfoundland, and on July 7, 1881, headed for the north. A stop was made at Godhavn on the island of Disko. There they bought a dog team of twelve animals and a supply of dog food.

At Upernivik two Eskimos, Christiansen and Jens Edwards, were hired to accompany the expedition. Arctic clothing was gathered from Eskimos, and many birds were killed and added to the larder. Along the approaches to Smith Sound were relics of former expeditions: stone cairns, some containing caches of food. On the Cary Islands Greely examined a depot of 3,600 rations in fairly good condition, left by the Nares expedition in 1875. Walruses were sighted for the first time near Littleton Island. Entering Kennedy Channel, a northeast wind sent large fields of heavy ice directly across the Proteus's course, and she had to dodge about to keep from getting stuck in it.

At 9 P. M. on August 4, just five days after leaving Upernivik, she entered the extreme southeastern part of Lady Franklin Bay, a distance of about 700 miles. On August 11 the party reached their desired haven in the bay, and made a landing. Greely had provided the expedition with a small steam launch. This was left with them, together with a quantity of coal for fuel.

As the Proteus prepared to leave, three members of the expedition were sent back on her. Lieutenant Kislingbury, who had not got on well with Greely from the first, was reproved by him, whereupon the lieutenant asked to be relieved and sent back to the United States on the Proteus. Greely consented, and went ahead to put the order in writing, but while Kislingbury was waiting for it, the Proteus found a lead and broke through the ice. Kislingbury, going out over the ice toward her, saw her suddenly steaming away, and had to return to the station. Later he must have thought many times of the exceedingly narrow margin that had separated his chance for life and his ultimate terrible fate—death by slow starvation.

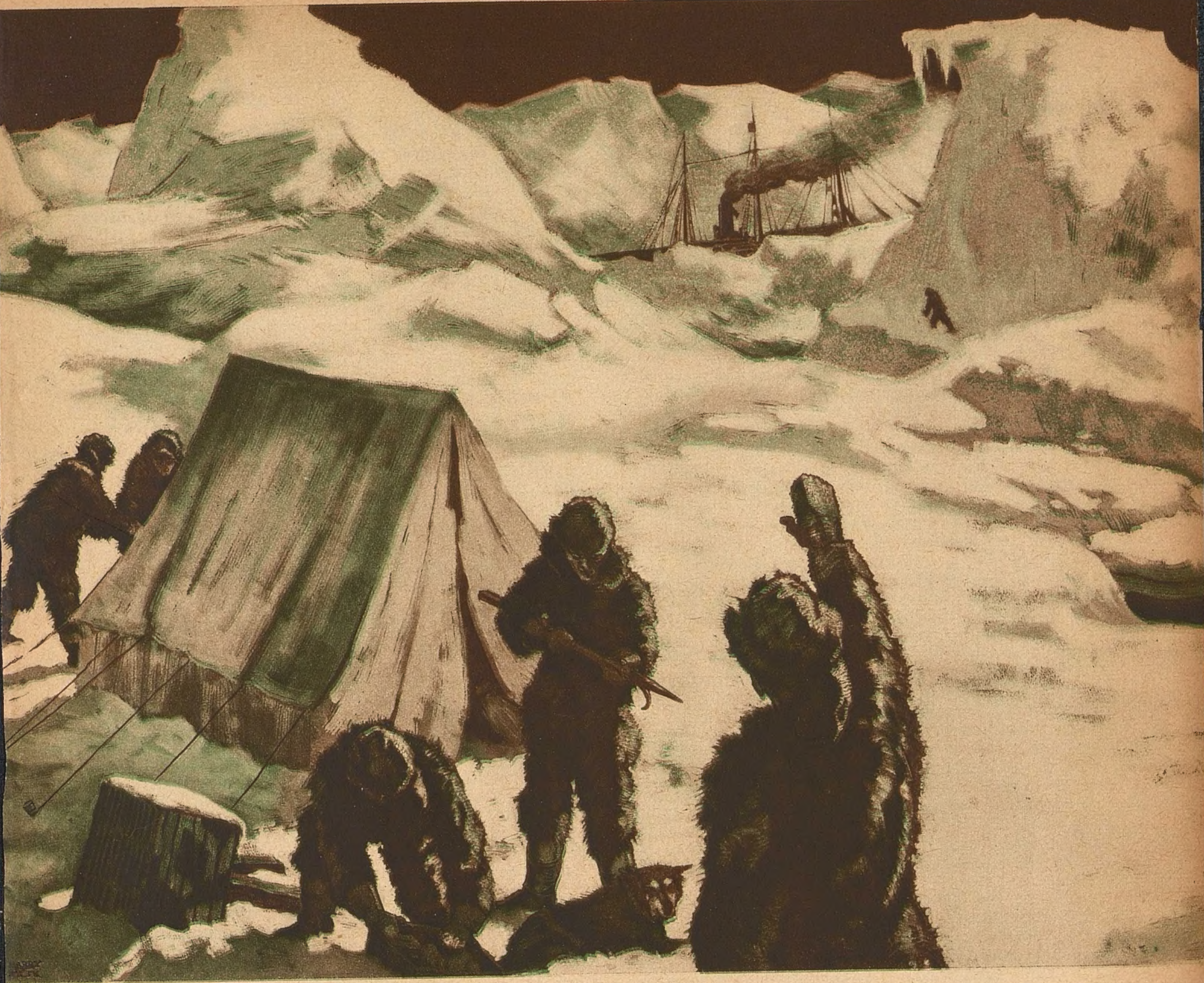
THE Proteus at last disappeared, and the Greely expedition was alone, 250 miles north of the last Eskimo settlement and 1,500 miles north of the Arctic Circle. It was the northernmost colony in the world.

A site was chosen for the camp and construction of a house begun. The station was named Fort Conger. The house, consisting of three rooms, was sixty by seventeen feet, with double walls of half-inch boards, between which was an air space to conserve heat. One room was occupied by the officers, a larger room by the men, and the remaining space was devoted to kitchen and bathroom, with lean-tos for storehouses.

Years later, in 1899, Commander Peary, making a sledge trip through this region, had his feet badly frozen. Finding Fort Conger in good shape, he spent several weeks there recovering. The following year he used it as a base for another dash north.

The surface of the ground of Ellesmere Island back of Fort Conger was rugged in the extreme, with no timber, of course. The elevations and ridges ran up to nearly 5,000 feet. For two or three months in the summer the temperature rose above freezing and streams poured down over the barren rocks from their glacial sources. Around the harbor the cliffs rose from 1,400 to 2,000 feet, almost straight up, and it was possible to get through them in only one or two places.

The only fuel the party had was what they had brought with them, the fat from game, and some native coal. There was a seam of coal four miles from the camp, which



● While Kislingbury was waiting for the written order from Greely, the Proteus found a lead and broke through the ice. Kislingbury, going out toward her, saw her suddenly steaming away and had to return to the station.

they could use on the steam launch and in their house, but they could not carry the coal on the trail.

Caches left by former Arctic expeditions were found; in nearly all of them, a great proportion of the supplies were damaged. Whenever possible, members of the party hunted for game, such as musk ox, seals, bears, dovekies, foxes, or anything they could find.

In August the temperature had fallen considerably below freezing. It was not long before some of the men were frostbitten, a few quite severely. In the latter part of September sledding was begun with dog teams, and determined attempts were made to map all the land and water areas possible to reach.

Before total darkness set in they had established four depots of food to the north, reconnoitered a good deal of country never visited before, and put away three tons of fresh meat from their hunting. From time to time the camp was approached by bands of wolves. The dogs of the expedition were terrified. After a few wolves had been shot or poisoned, the rest left the vicinity.

The sun disappeared on October 15, but on October 25 one of the men came in with the astonishing information that the sun had come back! All rushed out to look, and there in the southern sky was a beautiful mock sun, a brilliant disk of blue, yellow, and red with bars of white light extending up and down. This extremely rare phenomenon lasted for almost an hour.

Many of this expedition's scientific observations were the first systematic ones made in the north. The numbers of them made and recorded every day were: meteorological, 234; tidal, 28; magnetic, 264; a total of 526. On certain days the number of magnetic observations made increased to over 1,200.

The Greely expedition entered the winter of 1881 in excellent condition. The health of the men was carefully looked after; as a result, they were remarkably free from

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK

the dreaded disease scurvy. A bath had been provided in the hut and all were required to bathe at least once a week.

In cold weather men always have enormous appetites. For two years the daily ration used by the expedition consisted roughly of about sixty-four ounces of meat, canned vegetables, sugar, farinaceous foods, canned and dried fruits, and pickles—nearly half being meat. This was increased by coffee, tea, chocolate, and condiments to seventy ounces, which was entirely consumed. Each man was allowed one and one-half gills of New England rum weekly. The diet was varied and no one knew a day ahead of time what they were to have. Cooks were changed every month so as to vary the style of cooking.

Men were assigned duty in the open air at least one hour a day. During the bright periods of the moon, ice was accumulated to be melted for drinking water. The best was that known as paleocrystic ice, possibly thousands or millions of years old.

Greely had brought along a very good library. Besides the scientific and other reference works, there were over one thousand novels and magazines. Various games had also been brought, and a few musical instruments. Private Schneider, a young German, played the violin, his favorite selection being Over the Garden Wall.

Sledding work was kept up to a certain extent during the dark period, and coal was mined from the seam in Watercourse Ravine. On November 8 the last sledding party returned. As the darkness increased, the depressed spirits of the men were very marked, but especially in the cases of the two Eskimos. After December 21 was passed and the men knew the sun had begun its northern journey, their spirits were greatly improved.

In preparation for Christmas the floors and walls were thoroughly washed, though the water froze on them continuously and the ice had to be scraped off. Sergeants Brainard and Rice decorated the rooms with flags, pennants, and anything else that could be draped about. On Christmas Eve all the presents were spread out on the table. Due to Greely's forethought there were gifts for every one, wrapped and addressed.

Christmas came on Sunday. It was clear and cold, and everybody took a walk along the ice foot. The Psalms for Christmas were read in the morning, followed by a hymn and the doxology led by Lieutenant Kislingbury. Greely says that he remembers but one other service, their first burial, that so affected and impressed the men.

Sergeant Fredericks, the cook on duty at this time, had devoted several days to preparing a fine Christmas dinner. The menu: Mock-turtle soup, salmon, fricasseed guillemot, spiced musk-ox tongue, crab salad, roast beef, eider ducks, tenderloin of musk ox, potatoes, asparagus, green corn, green peas, coconut pie, jelly cake, plum pudding with wine sauce, ice cream, grapes, cherries, pineapples, dates, figs, nuts, candies, coffee, chocolate! Eggnog, rum, and cigars were handed around later.

ON January 16 they were visited by a violent storm. The wind attained a velocity of eighty to ninety miles an hour, and the creaks and groans of the house made them fear the roof would be twisted off and the whole structure blown away; but it held stanchly, and after some five or six hours of suspense, the wind dropped.

The coldest day was in February, around 60 below zero. As the month wore on, light began to return and the southern sky reflected the most glorious colors. On February 28 the sun appeared for the first time.

In early March sledding parties started out. Greely himself explored the interior of Grinnell Land and Grant Land in April and May, and found there great fresh-water lakes. This area in Grinnell Land is entirely free from an ice cap. It abounds in flowers and grasses in the summer.

From Greely's explorations the United States had a claim to this land, but unfortunately when the Virgin Islands were bought from Denmark, our rights in this area were ceded to that country. Had the advice of any airman been sought, decided recommendations would have been made against giving it up, since it would form an ideal air base for commercial air traffic to Europe and Asia, or in case of war. In 1920 I wished to send an aërial expedition to show its great future utility.

An expedition sent out on April 3, under Lieutenant Lockwood, with Sergeant Brainard as assistant and Christiansen as dog driver, proceeded to northern Greenland, and on May 13, 1882, established the "farthest north" which any one had attained up to that time—latitude 83° 24′ N., longitude 40° 46′ W.

Greely discounted the probability of a vessel reaching his expedition that year and continually sent out parties to kill game. The men even attempted a garden, planting lettuce, cabbage, and radishes, but they were unsuccessful, probably owing to the alkalis in the soil.

They found fossils, some of which contained specimens of coral, showing that at one time tropical conditions had prevailed there. Sergeant Brainard discovered a petrified forest with big trees.

Trips were made to various headlands during the latter part of the summer to look out for a possible relief vessel. A ship, in fact, had been sent north to their relief. William M. Beebe, Jr., General Hazen's secretary, had been selected to take charge. The steam sealer Neptune was chartered and loaded at St. John's, and the first relief expedition left there on July 8, 1882.

BEEBE'S orders were to proceed to Lady Franklin Bay and report to Greely. If absolutely unable to reach his destination, he was to establish depots A and B requested by Greely in a memorandum sent back by the Proteus. Depot A was to be made at a prominent point on the east coast of Grinnell Land, as far north as possible. Depot B was to be on Littleton Island.

Soon after leaving St. John's the Neptune began to encounter ice. As she pushed north, it became more formidable. Twice it closed in on her, but on August 15 it released her and open water was reached. On the eighteenth she made Payer Harbor, adjacent to Cape Sabine, not quite 200 miles south of Lady Franklin Bay. She tried to work her way north through the heavy pack ice, but was unsuccessful and turned back. A gale came up from the southwest and the captain of the Neptune insisted on going to Pandora Harbor, on the Greenland side, for anchorage, where they stayed until August 25.

Another effort was made to reach Grinnell Land. On August 27, after more or less feeble attempts to break through the ice pack, the Neptune returned to Littleton Island on the Greenland side. Those aboard her were afraid to land supplies there lest Eskimos appropriate them; therefore they set out again for Grinnell Land, and succeeded in reaching Cape Sabine, where they made a cache. This was the northernmost point they attained. They were again hit by gales, after which they made another futile attempt to push north, then turned back and established a cache on Littleton Island. On September 5 they decided to return south, and reached St. John's on September 24.

Although they had dogs and sledges and sufficient equipment to have landed a party and pushed north along Grinnell Land to Greely, no serious attempt was made to do it. The idea uppermost in their minds seems to have been to save themselves; so Greely was abandoned for another year without help from the United States.

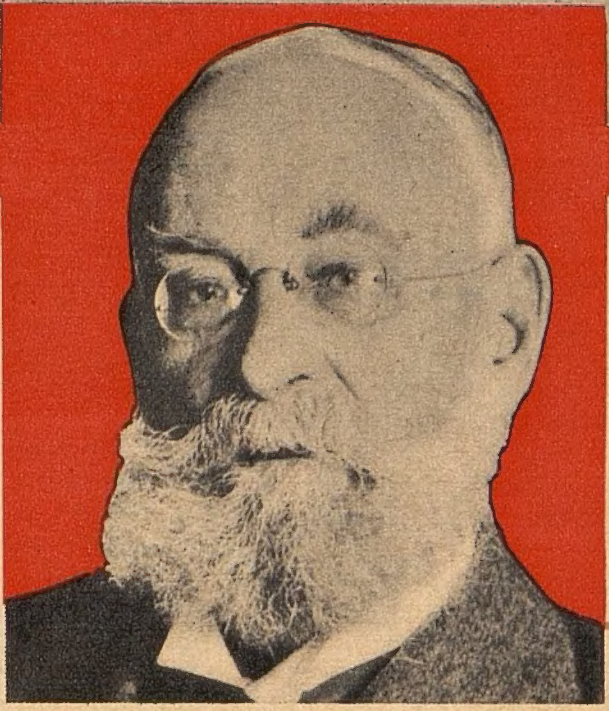
At Fort Conger, as the long dark winter approached without a ship having come, things began to seem a bit gloomy. However, there was plenty of food on hand to last, with slight restrictions, until the next summer. The spirits of the men were excellent. The only breach of discipline that had occurred was when Cross, the engineer, got drunk on fuel alcohol stolen while on a launch trip. He fell overboard and was rescued by Brainard.

In January Greely decided that if no ship should have appeared by August 8, they would make their way south to Cape Sabine in boats, and if possible cross over from there to the Greenland coast.

Winter passed, and the men were found to be in even better health than the year before. Lieutenant Lockwood was sent out in the direction he had taken the year before, and he accomplished in six days what had then taken twenty-two; but he struck open water and could not cross to Greenland—otherwise he could unquestionably have gone a good deal farther north than the year before. At

Underwood & Underwood photos

The house built by the Greely expedition at Fort Conger, as it looked in the spring of '82.



Major Gen. Adolphus Washington Greely, retired. He is now in his 91st year.

one time he and his dog teams were nearly carried away to the polar sea on an ice floe.

Less than two weeks later, Lockwood, Brainard, and Christiansen started out again, this time in an effort to cross Grinnell Land from east to west. They made it. Besides other valuable discoveries, they reported the great Mer de Glace Agassiz, a glacier that extends across Grinnell Land like a Chinese wall.

The expedition had now circumscribed one eighth of the globe above the eightieth parallel, and explored and mapped thousands of miles of unknown territory.

All the records and equipment were carefully packed. Every one realized that the journey on which they were to embark was a perilous undertaking. Their shortage of provisions would have made it necessary to move, even if their orders had not required them to do so.

AUGUST 8 arrived and no relief ship had appeared. Conditions for the departure were unfavorable, the water not being open enough; but on the ninth the men boarded the boats and Fort Conger was abandoned.

The party took with them fifty pounds of duplicate records. They also carried the pendulum which had been used for time observations; with its case it weighed 100 pounds. They abandoned enough salt meats, hardtack, coffee, tea, and other articles for a scant year's army ration.

At this point Greely writes in his diary:

> We then knew not that one relief steamer was at the bottom of the sea, and that its consort . . . was that very day steaming safely southward, with undiminished stores, into the harbor of Upernivik. And so we turned homeward, knowing we had the courage to face the blinding gale, the heavy floes, the grinding pack, the countless other dangers which environ the Arctic navigator; and having also, though we knew it not, heart and courage to encounter uncomplainingly, on barren crags, the hardships and horrors of an Arctic winter with scant food, shelter, and clothing, with neither fire, light, nor warmth, and to face undauntedly intense cold and bitter frost, disaster and slow starvation, insanity and death.

Greely went in the launch with eight others, the remaining sixteen being distributed in the three boats which the launch towed. Forty full rations for each man were carried. It was known that there were some caches of provisions farther south.

THEY encountered blinding gales, drenching rain and snow, dense fogs, heavy ice floes and grinding packs. Once they were met by a solid wall of ice which blocked the channel. They found a crack through this floeberg. It looked as though at any moment it might close up and crush them, but they got through unscathed.

Cross, the engineer, again tampered with the fuel alcohol, and while under its influence allowed the launch to ground on the bow, so that two hours were lost freeing her. A few days later he got drunk again, becoming quite insubordinate. Everything went wrong in the engine room, and Greely had to put another man in charge. Tides were very heavy at this point, ebbing an inch a minute, so strict watch had to be kept. If the launch grounded, it was a serious matter.

All down the coast they picked up the different caches of which they had knowledge. At Cape Craycroft they got 100 pounds of meat and a barrel of bread; at Carl Ritter Bay, the small cache landed in 1881 from the Proteus—200 rations; at Cape Collinson, the Nares cache of 1875—240 rations, with fuel. At Cape Hawks, the northernmost of three points where the relief party had been directed to leave word or make a cache, they hoped eagerly to find some news; but no one had stopped there for them. They secured an old English cache left years before, but found most of the bread spoiled; there were 168 pounds of dried potatoes, 342 pounds of stearin, six gallons of rum, and a keg of pickled onions. The bread barrels and casks were used for fuel on the launch. On this, with their remaining coal, it was thought they could get to Littleton Island, where there was a coal cache.

The ration issued now was a pound of meat and a pound of bread daily; two ounces of beans or potatoes; tea or coffee; and an occasional issue of fruits, such as apples or cranberries. Christiansen shot a seal and the hungry men found its blood quite palatable; Greely records that it tasted something like white of egg.

After Cape Hawks, they steered for Bache Island; but on August 26 they were beset by the ice. For fifteen days they remained stuck fast, drifting slowly southward. Several times the launch was nipped, being lifted bodily out of the ice, but it held stanchly. The small boats were drawn up on the floe. It was evident by this time that their only chance of escaping the pack was for a gale to come up and clear a path through the ice of Kane Basin; but the weather continued ominously calm, with a steadily falling temperature.

When about twelve miles from Cocked Hat Island, they decided that if they were to make land, now was their best chance; so the launch was abandoned and the equipment was repacked and put on newly constructed sledges, which, with one of the boats, they pulled along over the ice.

At this time, and later, Greely offered to abandon the heavy pendulum; but as the value of their Arctic observations depended upon subsequent comparative observations made with this same pendulum, and as the men knew this, they would not hear of giving it up.

About a mile a day was made, but as a violent gale came up, the pack was moved from one place to another, losing them the mileage they had gained in their drift southward. They were camped on a huge floeberg, at the mercy of winds, currents, temperature, and tides, yet their spirits remained high. Comfortable sleep or rest was out of the question, and the proper preparation of food all but impossible, yet they sang songs and danced on the ice.

The remarkable maintenance of discipline reflects great credit on the commanding officer. It is true that at times there was some insubordination, especially in the case of Lieutenant Kislingbury and Dr. Pavy. The doctor had a nervous, excitable disposition; he was impatient of restrictions, and in times of hardship and strain his moral fiber was apt to break down. However, as a physician and surgeon he was able and resourceful, and he was a pleasant and stimulating companion when things were going well.

When the launch was first beset Greely had favored abandoning her at once, placing the party on a floe and drifting southward. His views were not approved generally. Lieutenant Kislingbury, Dr. Pavy, and Sergeant Rice approached Brainard with a proposition that shocked him, namely, that Dr. Pavy should give a medical opinion that Greely was too ill to remain as the leader and Kislingbury should supplant him.

Of course Brainard refused in no uncertain way to join in this scheme.

Scouting parties were sent out to discover the best route for reaching land. On September 16, when their floe was nineteen miles from Cape Sabine, Greely considered they should make an effort to reach Greenland. He reasoned that at Cape Sabine their troubles would only commence, as it would be impossible to cross the straits there by boat or sledge, with the Arctic night upon them; while if they could make Greenland, bearing in mind the caches on Littleton and Cary islands, their future would be assured.

DAY by day, toiling strenuously, they moved their provisions from floe to floe, across open lanes of water, often finding after hours of work that they were farther from shore than when they started, owing to the drift and wind. All the time in their ears was the portentous roar of the grinding pack to the east, in the axis of the channel. A violent storm set in on September 25, which drove the floes decidedly toward the other shore, so they abandoned their efforts to reach Greenland.

By this time all of the party were verging on exhaustion and most of them were ill of diarrhea, caused by eating too much fresh meat; almost every day a harbor seal had been shot. During this storm their floe cracked in two, just at the point where they had built a snow house, and the men barely escaped on to a larger piece with their equipment.

All through these trying times diaries were correctly kept and scientific observations made. At last, on September 29, the floe was forced toward the Grinnell Land shore, where it lodged against a grounded iceberg, and a landing was made at 5:20 P. M. It was thirty-four days since they had first been beset, and nineteen days that they had been drifting on the ice, during which time they had made only eleven miles. They were lucky not to have drifted into Baffin Bay, where they undoubtedly would have been lost.

The place where they landed proved to be Eskimo Point, about twenty miles south of Cape Sabine. It had taken them fifty-one days to reach this place from Fort Conger, and they had traveled 500 miles to make 200. All the scientific papers, instruments, baggage, arms and ammunition were landed safely.

Walruses appeared here, and every effort was made to kill them, some being shot but not secured. If a few walruses could be taken, their existence through the winter would be made certain; but here luck was against them again.

Upon taking stock of their rations, it was found that they only had thirty-five days' food, but they knew that an English cache of 240 rations was at Cape Sabine. It was decided to make the thirty-five days' rations last forty-five days. A site was selected and work begun on three huts, the old Eskimo habitations there furnishing plenty of stones.

THEY now considered that they had three chances for their lives: first, finding an American cache from a relief vessel at Cape Sabine or Cape Isabella; second, crossing the straits to the Greenland side when they froze over, and reaching the Eskimo settlement at Etah; third, of killing sufficient walruses and seals to last them during the winter.

October 7 was Mrs. Greely's birthday and it made the commanding officer reflect on how his wife and children would feel if the expedition should perish as had Franklin's.

Upon volunteering, Sergeant Rice, the photographer, an exceptionally energetic and resourceful man, was sent to Cape Sabine with Jens, the Eskimo, to see if any cache had been left there. He returned on the ninth and reported a cache of 1,300 rations (which proved to be incorrect) placed there by the Proteus on July 24. A note left by Lieutenant E. A. Garlington, U. S. Army, commanding the relief expedition, stated that the Proteus had been nipped on July 23, 1883, had been exposed to enormous pressure, and had finally sunk. There was not sufficient time to save many of the provisions. What rations could be gotten hold of, some sleeping bags, tea, and canned goods were landed and cached in a hurry, and no marker was left. The note also stated that all were saved from the Proteus, and that the U. S. S. Yantic was on her way to Littleton Island, with orders not to enter the ice.

Everything within the power of man would be done to rescue them, wrote Garlington. The party took this to mean that further efforts would be made to reach them at once, so Greely decided to proceed to Cape Sabine and await the promised help.

Let us turn now for a moment to the relief expedition sent north under Lieutenant Garlington. On account of the failure of the Beebe expedition to reach Greely, efforts were redoubled to accomplish this in the following year. A year's supplies of food, clothing, and other equipment were assembled at St. John's, Newfoundland, also a year's provisions for the crew of the Proteus. The naval vessel Yantic was sent to accompany the Proteus, to act as a tender. The Yantic had not been constructed specifically for work in the ice.

Garlington's instructions from the Chief Signal Officer emphasized the absolute necessity of reaching Greely that year at all costs. In case the vessel could not get up to Lady Franklin Bay, Garlington was ordered to land his party and stores at or near Lifeboat Cove, discharge the relief vessel, and remain with his party until the following year. In case his vessel should be unavoidably frozen up in the ice pack, he was to proceed to Cape Sabine in personal charge of the party and push north until Greely's party was met. His instructions included Greely's specifications as to where the caches should be left.

Garlington proceeded to St. John's on board the Yantic under Commander Wildes. On arrival they met Lieutenant Colwell of the navy, who had volunteered for duty with Lieutenant Garlington and was assigned to his command.

They found that a great part of the supplies had already been both boxed and loaded on the Proteus in a haphazard manner, so it was necessary to repack and rearrange them before starting.

This was the first delay.

On June 29 the Yantic and Proteus left St. John's for the north. The Proteus reached Godhavn on July 6, under steam, and waited for the Yantic, which did not come until July 12, under sail.

This was the second delay.

GEN. WILLIAM MITCHELL
commanded the A. E. F. air forces; has been Director of Military Aëronautics, U. S. Army; is today the foremost advocate of a unified air service.

From this place on, the Proteus pushed ahead of the Yantic and worked her way through ice to Littleton Island without much trouble, but did not stop there. Reaching Payer Harbor (at Cape Sabine) July 21, Garlington went ashore and found the cache left the previous year by Beebe. It was discovered that the ice pack to the north had broken, and Garlington, returning to the ship, asked Captain Pike to steam north at once. They rounded Cape Sabine and arrived about four miles from Cape Albert. This was within 140 miles of Greely's party, and about two weeks before they started south. Captain Pike thought the ship could be forced through the ice to clear water beyond and began ramming the pack. It proved ineffectual. Another lead was found to the eastward, in which the ship made some progress until about 2 A. M., July 23, when she was beset and jammed in the ice. At 5 A. M. it separated and allowed her to enter the open water.

Again they got within four miles of Cape Albert, when they found the solid pack ice was now before them. At this, they turned the ship about and attempted to escape the pack, steaming southward. At 2:45 in the afternoon the ship was brought to a standstill again, within 400 yards of open water. The ice began to show signs of great pressure. The ship was in a dangerous situation and it was seen she would be nipped.

As the floe began to crush her the greatest efforts were made to get the provisions thrown out on the ice and to clear the boats; but about thirty per cent of the boxes went down in the water under the vessel, and they had much trouble getting the boats clear, not succeeding until the ship began to sink. At 7:15 she slowly went down. The ice broke, separating supplies, men, and boats, but by great efforts they were again got together.

Captain Pike took three boats for his crew, and Garlington's party went in two whaleboats. Lieutenant Colwell succeeded in getting through and caching provisions about three miles west of Cape Sabine. This cache consisted of hard bread, tea, bacon, and canned goods, estimated at about 500 rations, and some sleeping bags. Other unsuccessful attempts were made to get to the shore.

AFTER many failures, the loss of additional rations and supplies, and the loss of all the dogs on the ice, the whole party landed at Cape Sabine at noon on the twenty-fourth. A check-up of rations showed that they had about forty days' supply on hand. They cached a considerable quantity of clothing, some chronometers and other instruments at Cape Sabine, then made ready to leave.

It was now just thirteen days before Greely started his retreat to this same vicinity. There were thirty-seven men with Garlington. They were within thirty miles of twenty days' additional food and 100 miles from six months' supplies; they had a chance to kill a good deal of game; and finally, the Yantic and the Swedish steamer Sofia were known to be cruising somewhere near.

Notwithstanding these things, Garlington took with him every ounce of food he could carry, loading his boats to the danger line. He decided to cross Smith Sound, leave a record at Littleton Island about the disaster to the Proteus, and try to meet the Yantic or the Sofia.

On July 25 his party left Littleton Island. Encountering fog, snow, and rain, they rowed down the coast of Greenland. At this time Greely's party—only a few miles away, comparatively speaking—was trying to get down through Kennedy Channel and Kane Basin.

Near Cape York, Lieutenant Colwell's boat became separated from Garlington's and they did not meet again until the end of the voyage. On August 22 Garlington met some Eskimos who told him that Wildes in the Yantic had heard of the disaster to the Proteus and had cached some stores for them at Tessuissak. Piloted by an Eskimo, they went on down the coast, picked up these stores (fifteen days' rations), and proceeded to Upernivik, the residence of the governor, who gave Garlington a letter from Wildes which stated that he considered it a serious risk to keep his ship in that high latitude at such a season and that he would remain in Godhavn until September 15—no later—then would turn homeward.

IN the meantime Lieutenant Colwell had made his way to Godhavn, a distance of 900 miles, traveling thirty-nine days in an open boat. He reached there on August 31, and found Wildes, who immediately started for Upernivik, arriving there September 2. Garlington's party and the crew of the Proteus boarded the Yantic and proceeded to St. John's, where they arrived on September 13. Even then it was not too late to equip another ship and go north again, but it was not done. The Yantic left St. John's on September 20, arriving in New York September 29.

It was inexcusable to abandon Greely's party; but it was even worse to tie them down to Cape Sabine and keep them hoping for assistance there. Had Greely known then that they could look for no further help, he would certainly, he says, have turned his back on Cape Sabine and starvation, to face a possible death on the perilous voyage along shore to the southward. One can imagine the feelings of the men when they began to realize what was ahead of them. Still, they faced the difficulties and did the best they could. They kept hoping to find aid on Littleton Island, as they could not believe that the men on the Yantic had abandoned them without a supreme effort to reach them.

Rice and the Eskimo Christiansen went down to Cape Isabella, but nothing was found save the old Nares cache of 1875, 144 pounds of beef, which they left.

On October 12 Greely decided to move from Eskimo Point to Cape Sabine. It was a hard trip of three days. At night they camped on the bare rocks, with no shelter other than sleeping bags; this in a howling storm and below-zero temperature.

Even with the cache left by the Proteus, which contained only 100 rations of meat instead of the 500 mentioned in Garlington's note, it was found they had not one fourth enough food to get them through the winter.

They commenced the construction of a house, twenty-five by eighteen feet on the inside. The interior walls were made of stones and the outside covered with snow blocks. For a roof, a whaleboat left in a cache near by was laid across from end to end. Holes were cut in its sides and oars inserted, which reached to the side walls; over this canvas was stretched, then covered with snow blocks. On October 19 the party moved into the hut.

The terrific story of their winter in that makeshift hut at Cape Sabine—the most fearsome ordeal in the Arctic that any one has ever lived to tell about, with fuel dwindling, madness and death taking toll, and a mysterious and sinister mutineer preying steadily upon the scanty stores of food—will be carried on to a thrilling crisis by General Mitchell in Liberty next week.

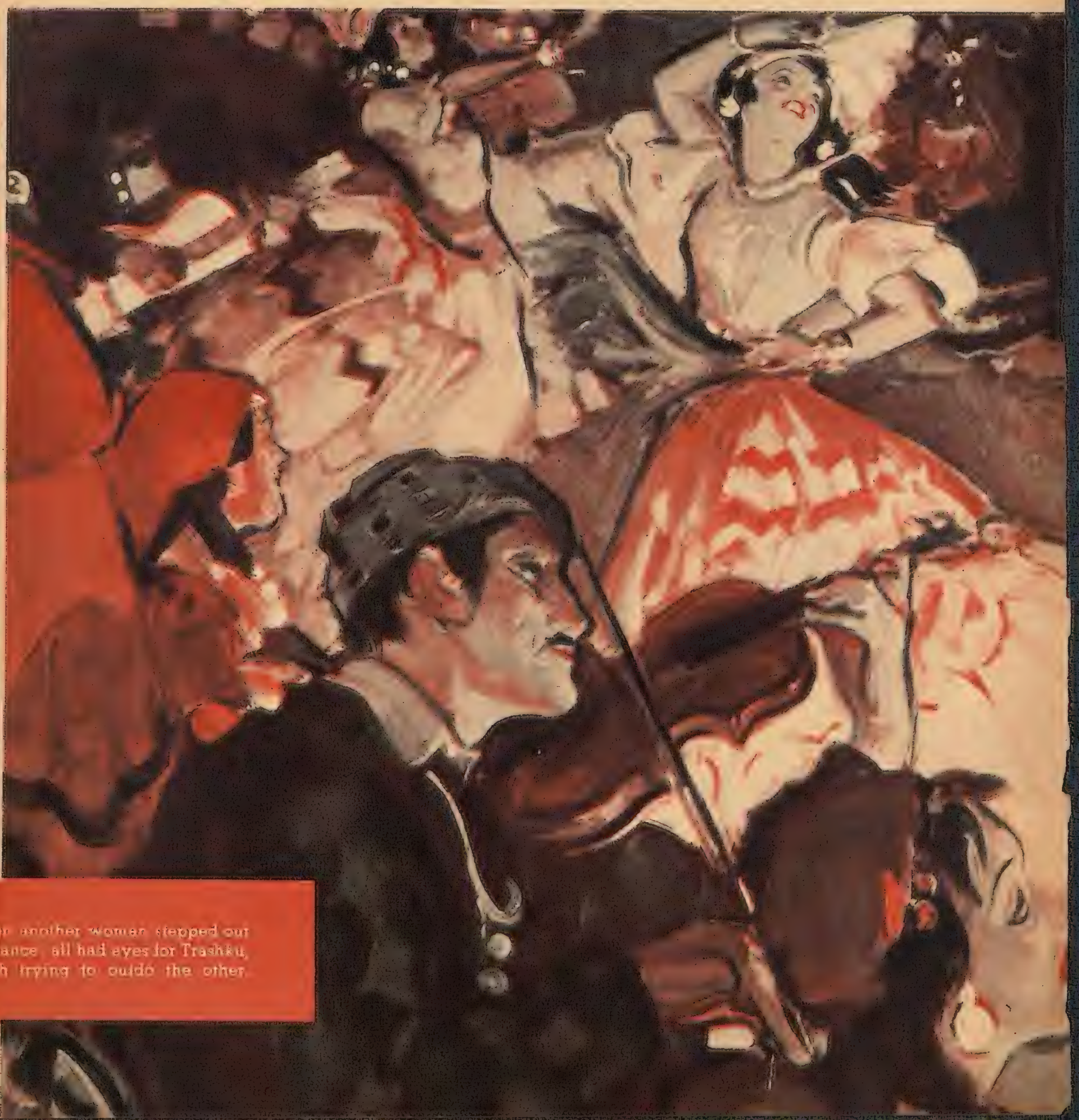
Hands of Love

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

" A man's love makes a woman beautiful."

THAT night the gypsies gathered outside their tents on the new grass on the shores of the Danube River to celebrate the first full moon of the spring. They had spent the whole long winter in caves scooped out on the side of a hill facing the river, and the cold and the snow had penetrated into their doorless and windowless lairs and had frozen even the straw mats on which they had lain. And the wind had brought to their ears the howls of the wolves roaming in the plains and over the frozen river in search of food.

And now the brown wolves had disappeared into the lacy folds of the forest. The snow on the mountain tops was melting, the Danube was flowing again. The gypsies had crawled out from their clammy tombs to live



Then another woman stepped out to dance, all had eyes for Trashku, each trying to outdo the other.

A Glamorous Tale of Gypsy Gold, a Battle of Giants, and a Girl

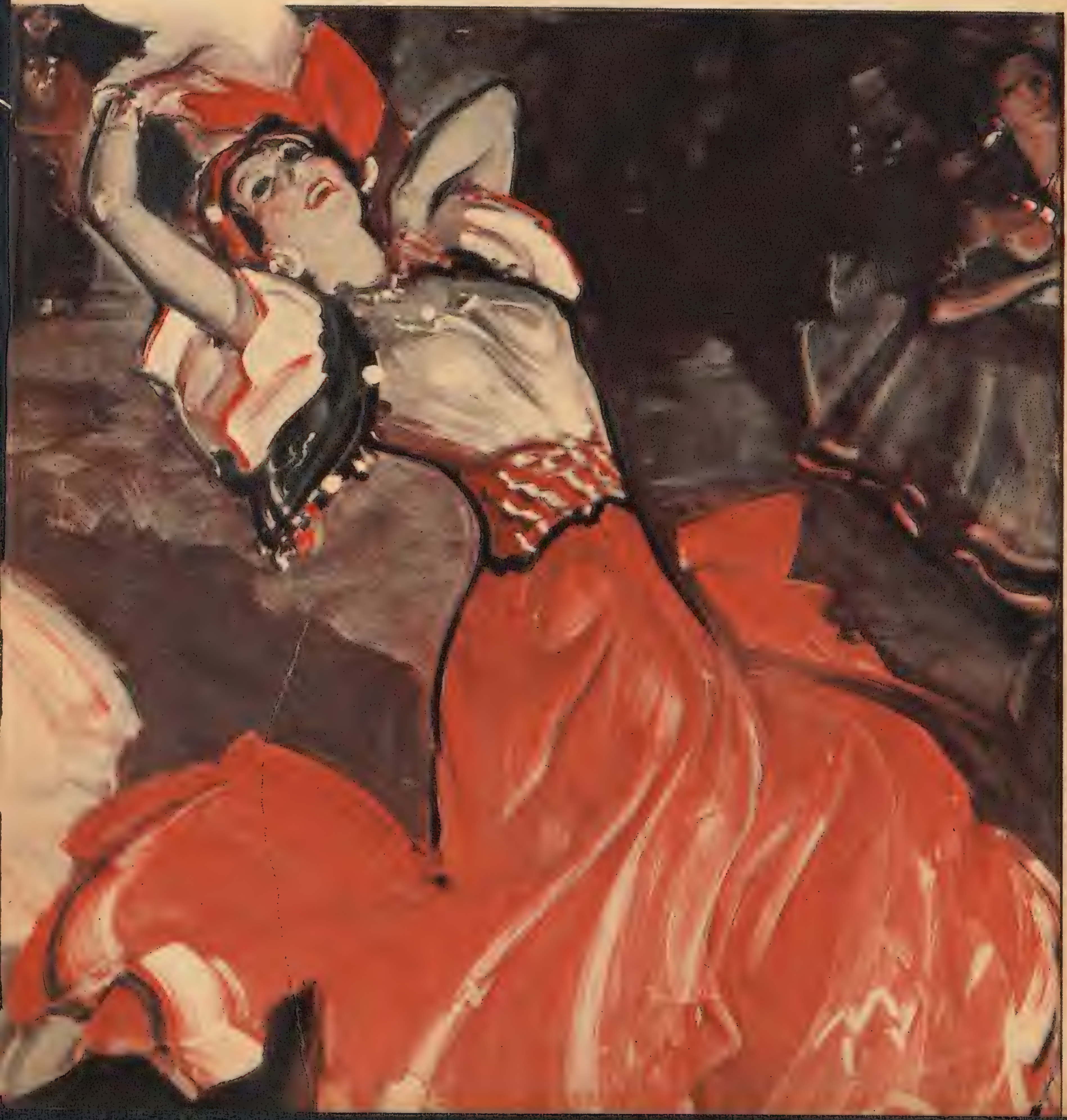
by Konrad Bercovici

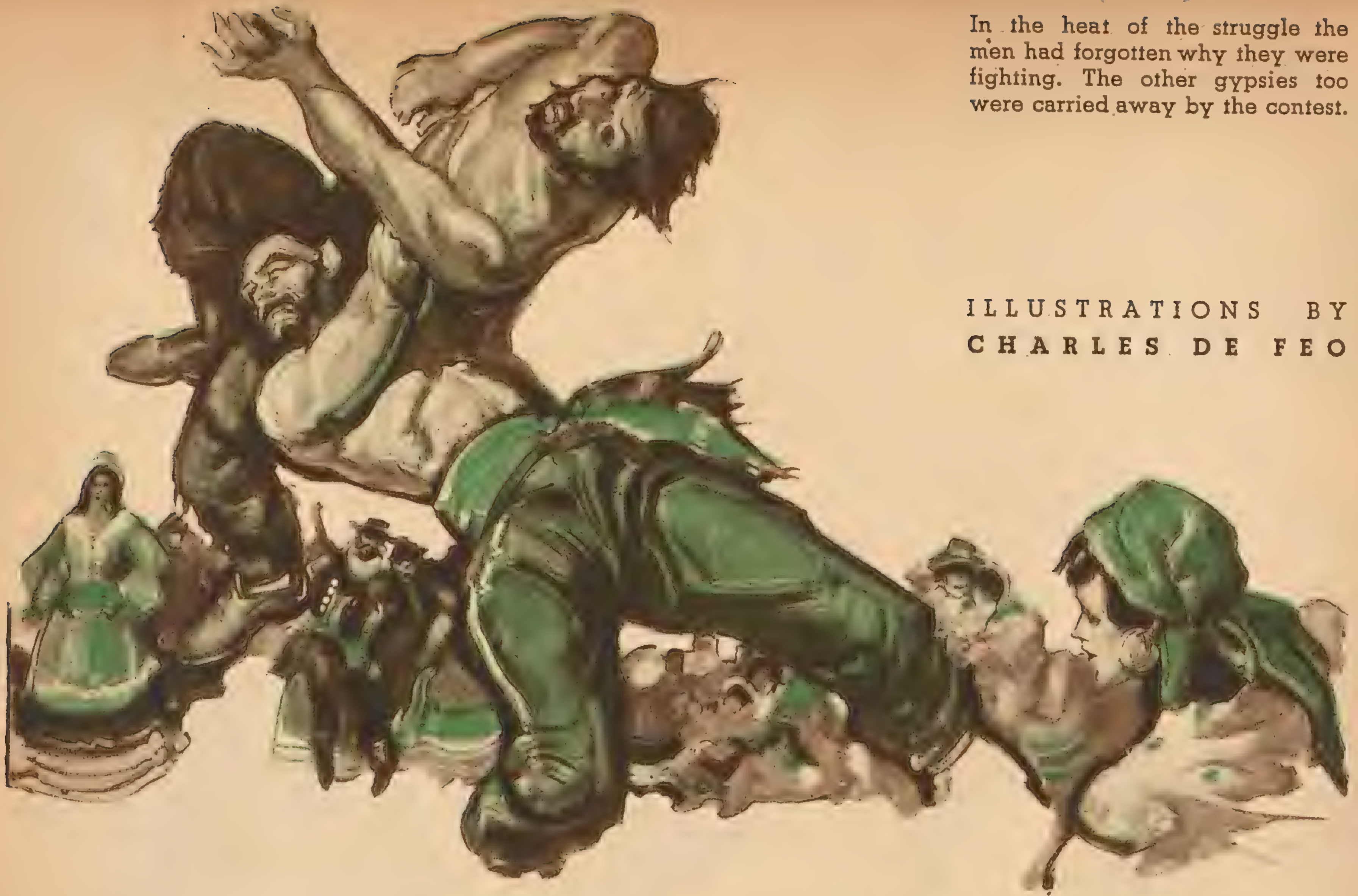
in the open again. The spring air was laden with odors of growing grass and fragrant with the perfume of wild berry buds.

Like the dry leaves underfoot, Forgass's gypsies were thawing out.

The tents were up. Smoke was rising from the fires under the kettles filled to the brim with freshly caught fish cooking with roots and leaves and chips of wild crab-apple bark. The first full moon of the spring was cautiously raising its silvery head over a streak of clouds that ran like a fence along the blue sky.

And then an old gypsy woman found her tongue again and began to sing while stirring the pot. Her brothers and sisters joined her. Gypsies warming themselves at other fires raised their voices. Each man, each woman, young and old, sang a verse:





In the heat of the struggle the men had forgotten why they were fighting. The other gypsies too were carried away by the contest.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES DE FEO

"The first full moon of the spring is watching us, gypsies."

"Spring is here, gypsies."

"Love is here, gypsies."

"Listen to the wind rippling on the river, gypsies."

"Listen to the mother owl rooking to her young."

"Listen to the chittering of the first birds."

"Gypsies, gypsies! Another spring is here."

Whoever has not heard gypsies sing when they are by themselves does not know to what heights a song can rise.

And in that band of gypsies of twelve families the chief's, Barossan Forgass's family, was the most gifted. They could sing and play the flute and the violin, and they could carve wood and stone, and they could fashion everything out of iron and copper with only their deft hands and a little hammer as tools. A horse shod by a Forgass stepped out jauntily and lightly and not as if it had been hobbled, as was the case when any other blacksmith had shod it.

And when it came to trading, the tongue of a Forgass was as smooth as a laurel leaf in the summer.

They were free with what they earned, the Forgasses. They traveled alone in the summer, as did each family, and gathered together only late in the fall. When winter came they brought back from their wanderings less than those who had earned half as much as they had earned; for whatever a Forgass had belonged to every gypsy. They were kings during the summer but beggars in the winter. And many a gypsy friend would borrow from a Forgass all he could during the summer, to return it to him during the winter.

There were five in the Forgass family that spring—father, mother, two young and unmarried sons, and a daughter. The sons were like their parents—tall, handsome, graceful, easy laughers and good singers. But the daughter, Tina, who was seventeen, was not as they were. She moved slowly and without grace, sang out of tune, and never danced. Though her large deep-brown eyes were beautifully shaped, she looked out of them without fire, without passion. When girls of her own age gathered behind a wagon to talk of the boys in the camp or of other gypsy boys they had met in their wanderings, Tina had nothing to tell. Then they teased her, laughed at her, pushed her this way and that, and told her that she would never know the joys of love and of motherhood. And Tina listened unmoved. After a while the gypsy *chais*, the marriageable girls, ceased to pay any attention to her and let her be.

While the whole camp was singing, she alone sat quietly on the side, looking into the fire.

When they all rose to dance, Lucas, her elder brother, dragged Tina to her feet and made her dance between him and her brother Stan around the fire. They were all dancing. Tina moved her feet but kept them down close to the ground. The others sang as they danced, sang and talked to their neighbors, pinched their arms, tore their hair—Tina just turned around and around, hopping about like a fair piece of wood carved to resemble a human being.

SUDDENLY they stopped dancing. The fish in the kettles was cooked. And now the Forgasses, father, mother, and sons, who had caught more fish than the others, began the good days in the open by calling on every one to taste of their mess of fish and rabbit and young woodchuck, boiled in the juice of herbs and mare's milk and snails and river shells and the first of wild garlic. They were like that, the Forgasses: their own food tasted better after it had been praised by others.

And in the midst of that feast the gypsies heard a rumbling as of wagons in the distance, and gypsy voices, harsh and clipped, that mingled with the thud of hoofbeats as of limping horses.

Old Forgass, the chief, Janu Forgass, put down his meat, rose to his feet, and called at the top of his voice: "*Ohe, Calo.* Here, gypsies." And to his wife and children he said:

"Stop eating so much. They may be hungry. Go, get some more fish."

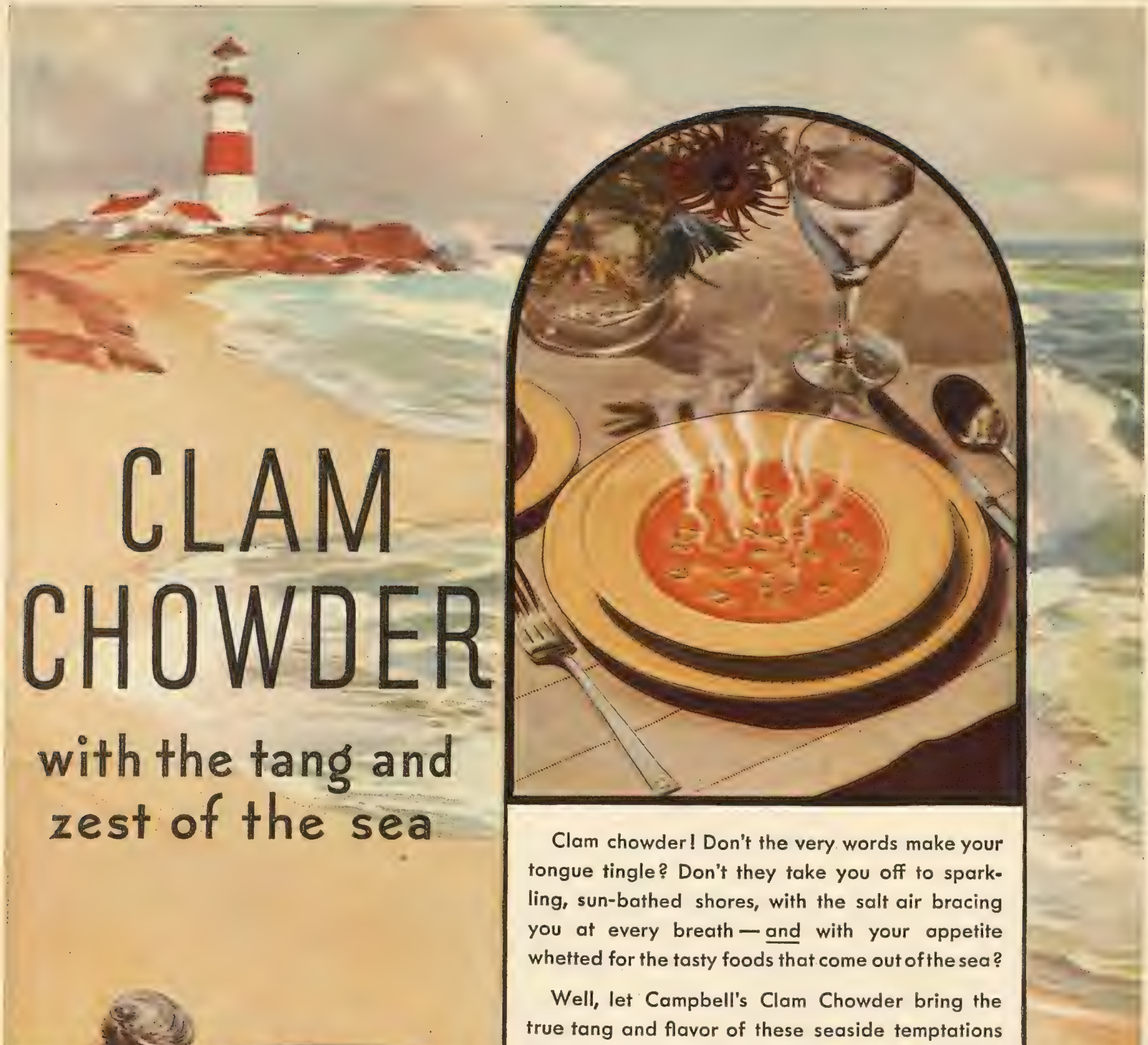
Lucas and Stan reached out for more wood to put on the fire, and Mama Tora, who had just fished out some food for herself from the kettle, threw it back in the pot so that the stranger Calos, whoever they might be, should not leave their fire hungry.

The rumbling approached. Calo voices answered. Tina, who was still looking

(Continued on page seventeen)

CLAM CHOWDER

with the tang and zest of the sea



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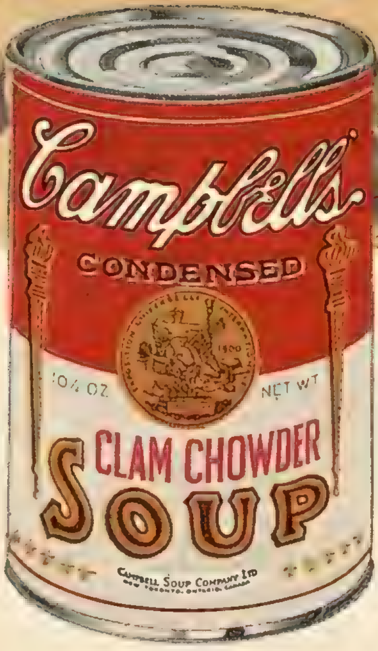

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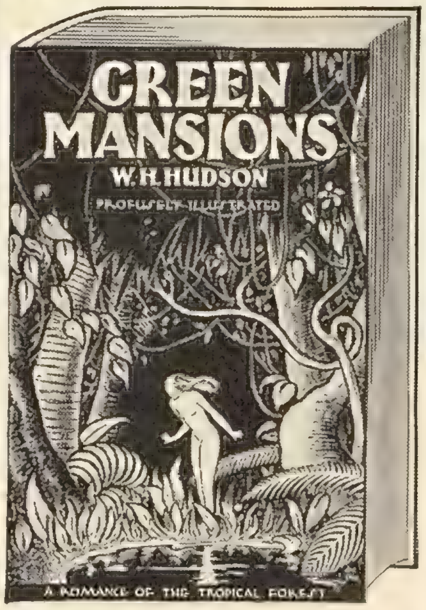

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(Continued from page fourteen)

into the fire, sat as if what was going on did not concern her in the least.

And now the strangers were upon them. Twenty of them. Men, women, and children. Noisy. Starved. They had spent a long winter on the other side of the mountain, and were on their way to the Black Sea. The Forgasses claimed them all as their own guests. More firewood was thrown underneath the kettle and more water was poured in the pot, and the meal was on the way. Lucas and Stan had gone with the fishing net to the Danube.

Then Janu Forgass's gypsies gathered all about his fire. The men talked to the newcomers of the road, and the women asked questions, while the children and the youngsters pawed each other like bear cubs and tumbled about the smoking fires and the wind-blown tents.

Tina raised her head twice during the welcome noise and the talk around her father's fire.

The newcomers were all heavily bearded and heavily haired, and their plaits, their black coarse locks, hung down over their broad shoulders.

When he had eaten, their leader, Trashku Barossan, looked at Janu Forgass and said:

"So you are Janu Forgass. Had you called yourself by another name I would have known you by your hospitality. Wherever we have gone we have heard of you, Janu Forgass—of your trading and your work with iron and copper, and how you know men and beasts."

Janu Forgass was gloating with pleasure at the praise of himself and his family.

"You are all good men," said Trashku Barossan; "but name the real Forgasses—your sons and daughters—so that I may see them one by one."

"This is me, the father," Janu Forgass said.

"And this is me, the mother," Tora added.

"And this is me, Lucas."

"And I am Stan," the other son called out.

"Speak up for yourself," the mother urged Tina.

"What?"

"Haven't you heard? You were asked to tell who you are."

"Oh, I—I am Tina."

Then the harsh and frank talk of an old gypsy explained Tina to Trashku Barossan:

"Unthawed. Unlimbered. The winters are too long for her—the summers too short. Too short and too mild. Before the warmth of the earth has crept to her knees the snow is falling on her head."

"Don't talk like this," Trashku said. "She is as beautiful as any girl I have seen. And her eyes are warm. They will be burning in the summer."

Tina looked up at him and smiled gratefully.

Trashku looked at Tina the while he plucked at his long black beard. Unthawed! That was the word. But he saw something in her. What if he did what the Forgasses had not been able to do?

A MOMENT later they all rose to dance. Tina's mother urged her daughter: "Stand up. Dance. Do as everybody does."

"Let her be," Trashku interfered.

Tina rose to dance. She was so clumsy, the newcomers among the gypsy girls first looked at each other significantly, then broke out in loud laughter. Lucas and Stan laughed with them. Tina danced like a top that had been wound up and could not stop until the spring had given out.

When they all sat down, Trashku went to sit near Tina. He took her hand in his.

"It is smooth and young," he said, leaning over to smell her hair.

No one had ever been so tender with her.

"I like your voice," she said. "Speak."

Trashku Barossan was forty. Women had praised his strength, his abandon, his laughter, his wit. But not one had ever spoken to him of his voice.

And now Mara, a young widow who had set her cap for Trashku, who was wifeless, said, pointing at the two talking to each other:

"Is Trashku trying to buy an unbroken colt for a few pieces of silver?"

Angered, Trashku grabbed a burning piece of wood to throw at the widow; but Tina grabbed his hand and held it back.

When the newcomers began to sing, Tina joined them. At first she couldn't carry the tune; but before the first song was over her voice melted with the voices of Trashku's people. And as she sang her lips seemed to frame every word lovingly; as if she kissed each sound before it left her mouth.

Trashku rose to his feet.

"Ah! Has she ever sung like that before? There is Janu Forgass, the best horseman in the world, and Trashku Barossan has to come to his tent to show him the jewel he has there. Yes—"

He sat down and took Tina's hand again in his. She withdrew her hand and went to sit by her mother.

And now Mara stood up to dance. She was a tall, high-limbed, and well bosomed woman, Mara, and her feet were quicker than her tongue. And Tina suddenly knew that a woman was competing with her for a man. The thought of it quickened her blood. She felt it throbbing everywhere. On her knees. On her temples. On her arms. A woman beautiful and young was competing with her for a man.

Mara raised her skirts above her knees. The waist, open at the neck to her belt, slid over the brown shoulders that curved gently over her round bronzed arms. Her teeth flashed. Her eyes were luminous. Lucas, Tina's brother, played the fiddle and Stan played the flute. The men sang. The women clapped their hands.

THEN another woman and still another stepped out to dance: all those who had eyes for Trashku, each trying to outdo the other, some in grace, some in lascivious abandon, some in strength, and some with a primitive swing that thrilled even the oldest of the gypsies back to youth again. The air was as heavy with the sap of love mounting in those people as it was heavy with the odor of the sap rising in the trees.

And now Tina rose to dance. The Forgass gypsies laughed. She had always danced without grace and her feet had moved without pattern and without whim. But now the Forgasses looked on as if they were watching a miracle.

When Tina stopped dancing, the gypsies, Forgasses and newcomers, applauded her. She sat herself between Mara and another woman, and said to Mara:

"Next time I wouldn't hold Trashku's hand back when he would raise it against you."

Lucas looked at his sister, then at Stan and at his mother and father. It was the first time Tina had taken her place among women, the first time she had sat elsewhere than beside one of her own family.

Trashku Barossan gave orders that his men pitch their tents. They would be staying here for a few days. After a triumphant look at all the Forgasses, he left their fire to go to the tent his people had pitched for him. They were proud of him, his gypsies. Janu Forgass's fame had gone far enough. From now on the gypsies roaming between the Black Sea and the Danube would be singing the praises of Trashku Barossan, who could make the sick run and the dead walk. . . .

Tina went to sleep in her mother's tent before her father and brothers had gone to theirs. She raised the flap of the tent and let the moon light up the inside of it. In one of the folds of her mother's heavy skirt she found a little mirror. She looked at herself—saw herself not as she had been but as she was. Her eyes were as beautiful as those of Mara. She opened her dress at her throat and let it slide on the arms to look at her shoulders. They were as graceful as those of Mara. She spoke to hear her voice, and she laughed to hear herself laugh. And then she looked at her knees and at her hands and at her throat and at the red tips of breasts that had swelled like apple buds in the spring. A warm quiver passed through her body at the thought of Petru and Ivan and Horgan and Yamur and Costa. One strong. Another handsome. A third clever. Yamur so gay and Costa so somber. And Trashku Barossan? Trashku Barossan was but a bell that had awakened her from her sleep. . . .

She rose early the following morning and walked down to the shore of the river where most of the men, Forgasses and Trashkus, were already fishing for their breakfast.

Trashku was a little taken aback when he saw her, not knowing whether to greet her as an impudent innocent child or as a forward woman.

"I can show you the best place for fishing," she said. He followed her. The men turned their heads to look at them.

She took the net out of his hand, tucked the edge of her skirt in the red sash that encircled her waist, and entered the water. He trussed his trouser legs up to the knees and followed her with a basket into which she tossed the fish she caught. When they had caught enough fish to feed a dozen people, they returned to the camp.

That evening, when all of Trashku's people had again assembled about the kettle of the Forgasses, Tina sat beside the women.

Opposite Tina, on the other side of the fire, sat Dinu, the cymbalon player, Melku's son and Tina's second cousin. He was a handsome lad. He looked at her and smiled.

Dinu. The handsomest of all. Dinu!

KONRAD BERCOVICI

knows his gypsies, for he was born in Rumania and lived there until 1916, when he came to the United States. His numerous stories of the nomad tribes of Europe have gained him much fame as a writer. He makes his home in or near New York City.

Trashku had given her life and desires, but they were for Dinu and not for him. But if Trashku left suddenly! Would the sap flow back to her feet?

"Speak to me again," she said to Trashku. He reached over the fire and took her hand.

"I have asked you to speak to me," she reproached him as she withdrew her hand.

Trashku Barossan now wore his best clothes. His hair was oiled, his beard was combed, and his thick fingers were a-glitter with rings. At noon he neglected the cooking pot of his own people to eat with the Forgasses. He told himself that he really loved Mara. The man who had trained her had done a good job. Tina could eventually become every whit as womanly as Mara, as tempting and as jealous.

Tina must have discovered overnight that she had a beautiful neck, for she had combed her hair away upward from it. Several girls of her own tribe came up to tell her how beautiful she was. They took her in their hands, and did not let her go until they had dressed her to their taste, there, outside her mother's tent, beside the fire above the river shore.

A little later Dinu passed by. She wanted to call him to her; but the girls, guessing her gesture, stuffed her mouth and whispered quickly:

"Fool! Don't you call him. If you do you won't see him for days. A girl has but to look at him and he thinks she is crying her eyes out for him."

Trashku Barossan talked with her father about this and that while keeping an eye on Tina. Dinu would never even have talked to her a few days ago. Had he, Trashku, made the limbs of that girl tingle for another man?

THAT night Trashku was sitting beside Tina's father and her mother and her two brothers. Her mother pointed in the dark to Tina sitting on the ground beside Dinu. And a great anger rose in Trashku's heart. She was his, Tina was. She hadn't had any existence as a woman until he had praised her. He, he alone, had called all of her into life. But not for somebody else!

He rose and passed the two youngsters by on the way to his own tent. He stopped for a moment, hoping she would call to him. But she had already forgotten him—as one forgets the fire after the iron has been forged. . . .

The following day Trashku rose early and crossed the Danube to the opposite shore in the raft of a Tatar fisherman. The gypsies were all at their work, yet from time to time one and another youth managed to have a word with Tina. If Dinu had found her worth while, then there was more to her than they had thought. And the more attention they showered on her the more beautiful she became. Yet a great sorrow entered her heart. She was only beautiful when compared with what she had been before. Tomorrow Dinu would realize that and forget her.

Just then Dinu stopped to talk to Ada, that blue-eyed *chai* to whom every gypsy boy in her tribe had made love in the last two years—every gypsy boy that wanted to make another *chai* jealous.

After a word with Ada he said to Tina:

"I will dance with you tonight."

"As a great favor, I suppose!" she scoffed.

He shuffled on his feet, smiled, and went to work at his anvil near by.

LATER in the afternoon a caravan of Tatars drew up to the gypsy camp and stopped to bargain with them. One wanted to buy a horse, another offered two rolls of homespun cloth for sale, and a third Tatar asked whether a gypsy wouldn't shoe his horse for a honeycomb as big as a cabbage.

Talking and bargaining, the Tatars unharnessed their horses and hung up their kettle to brew some tea meanwhile. The sun was on her last lap home.

Tina looked at the Tatars. There were a few young women among them. The Tatar men, in fur trousers tucked into low boots and wearing heavy wolfskin coats that reached to their knees, appeared twice as broad and tall as the gypsies. Their heads were bullet-shaped. They had no necks. Their eyes were small and deep-set.

And it seemed to Tina that their chief, the one who had first jumped down from his cart, had looked at her fleetingly before he had decided to stay.

She joined her parents and brothers so that he should know to whom she belonged. All the gypsy girls were outside their tents: Mara, Petra, and Carta. They were always on exhibition when men were around, and strutted about to show themselves at their best. The Tatar chief talked to the men but looked the girls over. The other Tatars did the same. When the chief's eyes had rested on Tina for a moment, she felt herself naked before him.

The Tatar chief sat down on the ground beside Janu Forgass and said:

"My name is Mechmet Aly."

Then he closed his small eyes and remained silent.

"You have something for sale," he said presently, and his eyes went to Tina, who was helping her mother at the cooking pot.

Tina looked straight into the Tatar's face and smiled. He was neither young nor handsome; but he was strong and his voice carried authority. He said something to his men in his own language. They looked at Tina as they approached Forgass's fire and murmured something softly to each other.

"You are a good trader, Forgass, and of seasoned age. So let's not begin by talking horseflesh. That girl there—how much do you want for her?"

"She is not for sale," Forgass said.

"If she is about to be married, show me the man and I will double what he has offered for her."

"She is not for sale," Janu Forgass repeated, even while his two sons fingered the hilts of their cutlasses stuck in their wide leather belts.

And now all the gypsies took up Forgass's cry:

"She is not for sale. If Forgass says she is not for sale, she is not."

Mechmet Aly looked at his men. Squatting on their heels, they shifted so as to be close to him.

"Five hundred gold pieces? Five hundred—" He emptied half of a leather purse in his enormous hand. "Five hundred?" he repeated, looking at the Forgasses and then at Tina, who stretched herself up to her full height.

Janu Forgass did not answer. He knew Tatars. Reckless and passionate when they had once set their hearts on a woman. But Tina! Yesterday Trashku. Today Mechmet Aly. And there was Dinu ready to jump at the Tatar's throat. The affair wouldn't end without bloodshed.

"Five hundred?" Mechmet Aly questioned again. Then he emptied the second half of his long leather purse.

" A thousand? " he questioned without a quiver in his voice. " A thousand? What do you say? "

A thousand gold pieces! The gypsies leaned over to look at the enormous sum. Tina looked at Mechmet. Through a corner of her eye she was watching Dinu.

Dinu's eyes were on her. Her father tried to make her understand that she should go to her tent. She understood but remained there. Even Trashku Barossan would have been more welcome as Tina's husband than that Tatar.

And yet there was Tina refusing to go to her tent, and strutting about, turning and twisting this way and that, so Mechmet Aly should see her.

" A thousand—a thousand gold pieces," Mechmet repeated, biting into one of the gold pieces and ringing it on a stone beside him to show that it was genuine. He handed one gold piece to Janu Forgass, one to Lucas, and one to Stan, who, after biting into the coins and ringing them each separately, returned them to Mechmet Aly.

" True gold."

" A thousand, a thousand," Mechmet Aly repeated calmly. The Tatars sat quietly on their heels and looked at their chief.

Suddenly Tina stepped out and began to dance.

Mechmet Aly borrowed a purse from the man next to him, counted out a hundred more coins in his palm, and throwing them down on the heap he said:

" Eleven hundred."

Janu Forgass did not answer. Eleven hundred gold pieces for Tina!

Tina began to sing. They had never heard her sing like that before. She wagged her head this way and that. She parted her lips so as to show her strong pearly teeth. She closed and opened her eyes and looked languorously and provokingly not only at Mechmet Aly but at all the Tatars.

" Twelve hundred," Mechmet Aly called out in a trembling voice.

" To your tent! " Janu Forgass cried, rising to his feet as he ordered Tina to leave.

Tina grinned.

Mechmet Aly sprang to her defense.

" She has but helped you, Forgass. She is a trader's daughter. Fifteen hundred. Let her stay here. I shall watch her dance and listen to her songs during the long winter nights."

UPON that Trashku Barossan returned. He broke into the circle, pushing squatting gypsies and Tatars away with his feet. His face was flushed. His eyes were on fire. Mechmet Aly rose to his feet. The two men stared at each other. They were of the same age and almost of the same stature. The circle about them widened. Tatars and gypsies were on their feet now, fingering their cutlasses to assure fairness to the men in the center.

And then Trashku's feet spread, ready for battle. Gypsy and Tatar moved toward each other. They were like two bears that had risen on their hind legs.

An old gypsy called out:

" Look out, Trashku! Don't let him come too close. His arms are longer than yours."

" Break his neck, Mechmet Aly! " a Tatar cried.

Dinu came closer to Tina. She moved away from him while keeping her eyes on the two men in the center of the ring of flesh. Then she sat down beside the pile of gold and began to murmur something softly to herself. Fifteen hundred gold pieces. Trashku Barossan had made her worth that much because he had praised her and talked to her as if she were more beautiful than any woman he had seen. And Dinu—Dinu?

Mechmet Aly's hands suddenly reached under Trashku's armpits and locked themselves on the back of his neck. Head against head, their feet spread wide apart, their backs bent, they tugged at each other. Their faces were swollen and red. The veins on their throats corded and twisted like serpents. Of a sudden Trashku let go his hold, broke the hold of Mechmet Aly, threw himself forward, and, catching the Tatar off balance, grabbed him around the waist and threw him to the ground.

Gypsies and Tatars began to scream. Quick as a bouncing rubber ball, Mechmet was on his feet. Blood was spurting from his nose and mouth. Head down, he threw himself at his adversary, forgetting all caution. Trashku received the blow on his chest, caught the Tatar's head, and swung the heavy body like a sack over his shoulder. Mechmet reached for Trashku's legs and swung him off balance. They were both on the ground now, rolling, tumbling, coiling and uncoiling their legs and their arms from under each other. When they rose to their feet again, they gasped for breath and gave each other enough time to bare themselves to their waists.

Tina was the only one who did not scream nor give advice. She sat on the grass murmuring to herself and letting the gold pieces run through her fingers.

They were of the same strength, Trashku Barossan and Mechmet Aly, and both skilled wrestlers. Neither of them had ever fought a stronger man, a more skilled one, a more determined one, and neither one nor the other used unfair holds. In the heat of the struggle the two men had forgotten why they were fighting. The other Tatars and gypsies too were carried away by the magnificence of the contest. No matter who won the fight, the loser would be as great a hero as the conqueror. The two dark brown well muscled bodies were smeared with the blood of each other. Their arms and shoulders were covered with blotches and welts.

EXHAUSTED, they moved slowly, heavily, clumsily, but craftily, keeping away from each other's hands and legs, feigning, feinting, this way and that, until they had caught their breaths again.

" *Inshallah!* " Mechmet Aly cried, putting all his strength in a backward headlock. But he wasn't strong enough to throw Trashku's body over his shoulder.

" *Inshallah*, with God's will! " he yelled, letting go his hold and locking his hands back of Trashku's body. Trashku locked his hands on Mechmet's back. And there they stood, tugging, pulling, squeezing, trying to break each other's back, while the blood spurted from their noses and their mouths—two exhausted giants in a murderous embrace.

They fell down, skull against skull, their feet in opposite directions, their hands behind each other's neck, wriggling and wrestling and thrashing like snakes, and groaning in pain, screaming, yelling, fighting for breath, choked by the blood that filled their mouths.

Janu Forgass looked at Tina. She was murmuring softly to herself and ringing gold coins between her fingers. Her face was calm and happy. As if she didn't see and didn't hear what was going on. She caught his eyes and smiled into them. An inner calmness had spread itself over her face. She didn't look once at the two men twisting and wriggling on the ground.

And then suddenly she called out at the top of her vibrant voice: " Dinu! Where is Dinu? "

The gypsies turned about with their backs to the wrestlers. Dinu was sitting on the hub of a wheel. He also was not interested in the struggle between Mechmet Aly and Trashku Barossan.

" Dinu! " Tina cried again, walking toward him.

Mechmet Aly and Trashku Barossan scrambled painfully to their knees and then stood up.

And then Tina said loudly, "And now that I know that men can love me, I choose my man." And dragging Dinu after her to the center of the circle, she put both her hands into the bloody hands of Trashku and Mechmet Aly and said:

" You are my fathers, both of you. Janu Forgass has given me of his blood, but you two have given me faith in myself. Go tell the world that you are better traders than the Forgasses—that your eyes are keener, and that at the touch of your hands Janu Forgass's slow colt has won the fastest race."

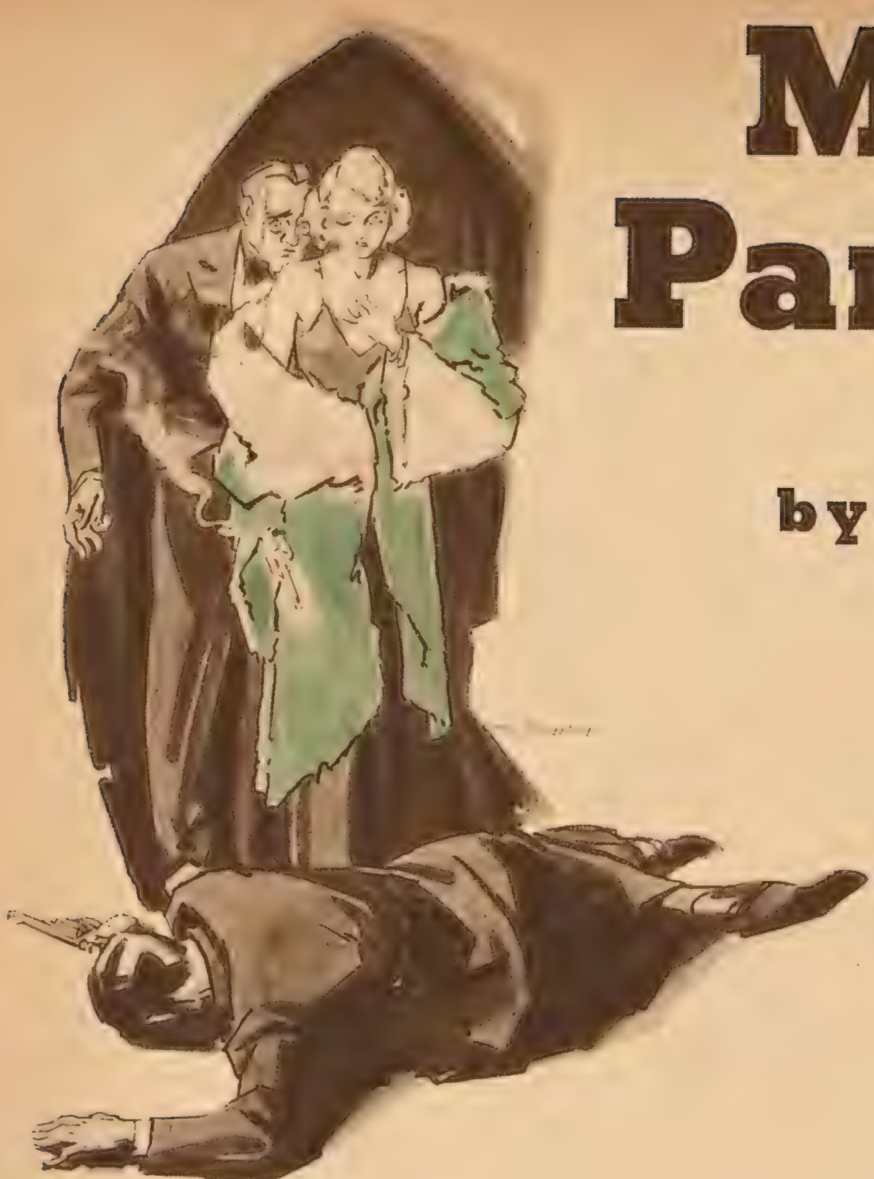
And then Trashku Barossan leaned his head on Mechmet Aly and cried:

" This is the happiest day of my life."

" It is the happiest day in mine. I came to buy a woman and I have found a worthy friend," said Mechmet Aly. " Where is our daughter? " he asked Janu Forgass.

But Tina and Dinu had already jumped on the raft moored to the shore and were gliding downstream.

THE END



Murder in Park Avenue

A Short Short Story

by EDGAR FRANKLIN

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

BIG REYNOLDS, sprawled face down on the prayer rug with the heavy pistol a yard from his hand, where it had slid when he crashed, was horribly quiet. Laura Reynolds, blonde and beautiful in her ermine coat, gazed fascinatedly down at him and still clutched the villainous little automatic she had snatched from the table drawer. Skinny middle-aged little Mr. Paul Penner in his evening togs just stood and gaped. Across the living room the radio blared on.

"Laura, you—you've killed him!" Mr. Penner gasped.

"He'd have killed you if I'd missed, Paul," Laura choked. She snapped off the radio. "If I hadn't turned on that thing, we'd have heard him coming in."

Mr. Penner was staring at the automatic.

"The radio probably covered the sound of the shot, Laura. Nobody seems to be coming," he said softly. "You said he was in Chicago."

"Well, do you suppose I'd have let you come back here with me, do you suppose my arms would have been about your neck, if I hadn't seen him to the gate of the Century myself this afternoon?" Then panic seemed to grip the lady. She seized Mr. Penner's bony shoulders and shook violently. "Paul! You got me into this—I've got to get out of the country! I've got to have money—lots of money—quick, *quick!*"

"Eh?" Mr. Penner said, coming to life. "That part's all right, but—"

"Is it? Then go get it!" Now her arms were around his neck again. "Oh, Paul darling, I'm so afraid! I know they'll get me, and—and they put women in the chair, Paul."

"Take it easy. Now—"

"Easy! *Easy!* When they may come in here any minute and find him there—*dead!*" Laura laughed wildly; then, at Mr. Penner's frown, she quieted. "Paul, we came in by the side door and walked up, so no one saw us. You go quickly now by the stairs and I'll pack a bag and take a room at the Waldorf and stay in it till you come tomorrow. And you bring me money in the morning, and I've got my passport and I'll sail on something—anything that's going out. I'll hide somewhere in Italy till they've stopped looking for me, and then you can join me and—and we'll be married, I suppose. Paul, can you possibly raise ten or twelve thousand dollars before noon?"

"I can raise fifty thousand before ten o'clock," Mr. Penner smiled.

"Then go now and I'll leave word with the superintendent here that Mr. Reynolds won't be back for a week, and— Paul, you won't fail me?" she cried with a sharp menacing note now. "Because if you do, and if I'm caught, I'll—I'll swear *you* killed him! I'll say you quarreled over me, and that *you*—"

"Laura, you've plumb lost your head," Mr. Penner said. "Now listen careful, honey. A burglar came in here while Reynolds was alone, and your husband tried to shoot him and got shot instead. Gimme that gun!"

With his handkerchief he polished off all fingerprints from the automatic. Kneeling beside Reynolds, he took the still hand and closed it over the grip. He picked up the bigger pistol Reynolds had been carrying, polished that too, placed it in the table drawer and closed the drawer.

"Remember, Laura," he said crisply, "that's where *that* pistol always lived—in the drawer—and the little automatic was what he carried. Now then! What'd a burglar naturally be stealing? Silverware!"

He hurried into the dining room and reappeared with a luncheon cloth tied at the corners and bulging silver—flat silver, salt shakers and pepper shakers, a platter.

"But, Paul—these places one rents furnished—" Laura objected unsteadily. "That's only plated stuff, and no burglar—"

"I guess this burglar didn't stop to find that out," Mr. Penner said grimly. He bent over Reynolds again, frowning. Then he picked out several of the pieces, tossed them around the floor, and finally dropped the bundle. "Get it, Laura? I'll open that fire-escape window too."

That job done, he hurried with Laura to the door.

"We'll just talk natural a minute, in case any one sees us," he said softly as he opened it.

"WELL, thanks for a pleasant evening, Mrs. Reynolds, and—"

There Mr. Penner stopped, for back of them—loudly, terrifically almost—*the corpse sneezed!*

"Well, I sprinkled enough pepper on his nose to make an elephant sneeze!" Mr. Penner snickered, and backed into the corridor. "Say, that's twice since I started making money I've had a de luxe badger game tried on me!" A second, mightier sneeze roused the echoes behind the petrified Laura. "Don't ever pull that same stunt again. Y' see, Laura, if there'd been a bullet in that automatic she'd have kicked back the breechblock and thrown out the shell. You folks just pulled the bullet out of an ordinary cartridge, so there wasn't any back pressure and the block didn't even budge. Soon as I saw that, I knew I was getting framed and—"

The people who lived in 3F were just getting out of the elevator.

"Going down, sir?" the boy called to Mr. Penner—but Mr. Penner was bouncing into the elevator even as he asked.

THE END

GAMBLERS and GANGSTERS and SADIE McKEE

Mr. Runyon's Whimsical Ne'er-Do-Wells and a Viña Delmar Heroine Come to Life Engagingly on the Screen

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

Dorothy Dell, Shirley Temple, and Adolphe Menjou in the three leading roles in Little Miss Marker.

★★★ LITTLE MISS MARKER

THE PLAYERS: Adolphe Menjou, Dorothy Dell, Charles Bickford, Shirley Temple, Lynne Overman, Frank McGlynn Sr., Tammany Young, Sam Hardy, Warren Hymer. Directed by Alexander Hall.

LITTLE MISS MARKER is a sprightly modern fairy tale, done with much charm and topped with splendid performances by Adolphe Menjou, Shirley Temple, Dorothy Dell, and Charles Bickford. Shirley Temple, as the little waif thrown in the midst of a race-track-tout background, stands in a good way of becoming the favorite child actress in Hollywood.

This story, as most of the Damon Runyon output, is about gangsters and gamblers. But Mr. Runyon throws a child into the gangster background, and shows his toughies to be a bunch of sentimental softies at heart. It's a formula; but it's a good one.

In Lady for a Day the underworld threw a society party for Jean Parker and May Robson. In Little Miss Marker the gamblers dress up as knights of King Arthur's Round Table, so that Shirley can keep her faith in the fairy tales.

Shirley is tossed into the gambling background when her father, wanting to place a bet but having no money, leaves her as security on an I. O. U. The horse, Dream Prince, loses, and the father kills himself. Menjou, the gambler, is stuck with the child.

Then the expected happens. Menjou grows to love the child, trying to hide his affection beneath a gruff exterior. Taking her to the race track one day, he shows her the horse, Dream Prince, telling Shirley that it is now hers. She believes him, calls the horse the Black Charger, and gives the various gamblers names of King Arthur's knights.

It does not take long for the race-track talk to insinuate itself into Shirley's vocabulary, and when she learns that the horse is not really hers she becomes a tough little five-year-old. Convinced that he is making a gamin of the once charming child, Menjou arranges a party, having the ill-at-ease gamblers come dressed as knights.

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford, principals in the film version of Sadie McKee.

There Shirley again believes in her fairy world, especially when she sees her horse. The trouble begins when Bickford, the real owner of the horse, enters. He is out to get Menjou for trifling with his girl, Dorothy Dell, and he is planning to dope the horse for a race, though the stimulant may prove fatal to the animal.

There is a fight at the party, and serious injury to Shirley. The action develops quickly to a surprise trick ending that leaves you smiling to yourself.

The unreal quality of the picture adds to its charm, and the story, which may appear maudlin in print, is delightful in celluloid.

VITAL STATISTICS: Title once changed to Half-Way Decent but changed back again to fit startling good antics of Shirley Temple, overnight Hollywood sensation as new starlet. Miss Temple, aged five years some months, is forty-two inches high, weighs forty-two pounds. Is daughter of Santa Monica bank manager. Drives a new red tricycle since stardom . . . Adolphe Menjou supports Shirley. Menjou is a Frenchman from somewhere in the Middle West. Got start in pictures by getting a tailor to stake him to $750 worth of clothes. Gets about $3,000 per week as free lance . . . Dorothy Dell was Miss Universe of 1931 and may yet grow up into a Mae West.

★★★ MIDNIGHT ALIBI

THE PLAYERS: Richard Barthelmess, Ann Dvorak, Helen Chandler, Helen Lowell, Henry O'Neill, Robert McWade. Directed by Alan Crosland.

CONTRASTING Lavender and Old Lace against a gangster background, Midnight Alibi emerges as a thoroughly enjoyable film.

PAST THE CENSOR

By FRANCES INGRAM

Frances Ingram

It's a good thing that screen stars don't live in glass houses, as in their homes most of them discard the elegance and formality of their street attire for comfort. Barbara Stanwyck received me at her Brentwood Hills home the other day dressed in dark brown slacks and a sweater. Bette Davis wears shorts around the house, and Ann Dvorak wears overalls and a boy's work shirt when on her ranch. Kay Francis is passionately devoted to a well-worn silk dressing gown when she is at home.

Barbara Stanwyck tells me that her next film is based on an unpublished novel, "The Travelling Saleslady". Dolores del Rio, who is known to her friends as "Chili", will start work on "Shanghai Orchid", in which she will play the role of a half-caste Chinese girl when "Madame Du Barry" is completed.

Hollywood is amused, but not seriously perturbed, over the efforts of a Delaware lawmaker to introduce a bill prohibiting the showing of any picture in which a divorced actor or actress appears. As one director put it, if such a law ever passed, Delaware audiences would see only "Micky Mouse" or "Our Gang" comedies.

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Richard Barthelmess, looking much better than he has in his last few films, plays dual rôles, getting the full theatric value of each with seemingly little effort. Ann Dvorak, as the sweetheart of the gambling Barthelmess, and Helen Chandler, who loves Barthelmess in the story-within-a-story, are competent and decorative.

It's Helen Lowell, as the Old Doll, who has the chief feminine rôle. She's capable at all times, and in the brief courtroom scene she has two comedy flashes that are among the funniest to be seen this season.

The story, by Damon Runyon, concerns a gangster in love with a rival's sister. When his life is threatened, the gangster hops a wall and enters the Old Doll's house. There the Old Doll, who has not had a visitor since her lover was killed some fifty years ago, shelters Barthelmess and tells him the story of her life.

Done with a nice sense of proportion, the Old Doll's story is told in a long flash-back, Barthelmess and Helen Chandler appearing as the unhappy couple who love neither wisely nor well. Her own life frustrated, the Old Doll convinces the gambler that he should go out and win the girl he loves.

Imbued with the newly acquired Victorian standards, Barthelmess attempts to see his girl's brother. A scrap ensues and Barthelmess is accused of murder.

Midnight Alibi is amusing, fast, and occasionally truly dramatic.

VITAL STATISTICS: Cost of production: *circa* $150,000. Fourteen days in the making. Richard Barthelmess's last film for First National, with whom he has been ever since his advent from Trinity College into pictures fifteen years ago in support of Nazimova in War Brides. Salary: $150,000 per year for two pictures, but offered last year to throw in extra picture a year as his contribution to the NRA . . . Helen Chandler, exceedingly ingénue, fresh and fragile, is the wife of Cyril Hume, the writer. Helen commutes between pictures from Hollywood to New Milford, Connecticut, where she and Cyril live. Salary: probably $1,000 per week . . . Helen Lowell is the Mrs. Whiffin of Hollywood: the oldest woman in pictures: actually seventy-two or -three . . . Ann Dvorak (pronounced Vorzhak) is an ex-chorus girl. Married to Leslie Fenton, actor, happily. Salary: probably $1,000 per week.

★★½ SADIE McKEE

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Gene Raymond, Franchot Tone, Edward Arnold, Esther Ralston, Earl Oxford, Jean Dixon. Directed by Clarence Brown.

SADIE McKEE—taken broadly from Viña Delmar's Liberty serial Pretty Sadie McKee—is tailored for Joan Crawford talents; and, like many of her films, follows the general theme of her real life: Poor girl gets heartbroken, but finally overcomes all to attain riches and what is quaintly called the right man.

Crawford has never looked more beautiful than she does in this splendidly mounted film. But this is one time when she does not dominate her picture. Edward Arnold, playing her dipsomaniac husband, gives the best performance of his career.

Gene Raymond is good as the weak lover who walks out on Crawford after taking her to the big town. Lovely Esther Ralston, making a return to the screen, is miscast as the entertainer who has a way with other women's men. And Franchot Tone, stiff and uncompromising throughout, could make us think of no one but a young Calvin Coolidge.

Miss Crawford is at her very best in Sadie McKee, making up with the fluency and ease of her performance what she has lost in dramatic intensity. Her clothes are spectacular.

Smoothly directed by Clarence Brown, and dressed with typical M.-G.-M. lavishness, Sadie McKee begins interestingly and quickly. Crawford, working as maid in Franchot Tone's home, leaves town with crooner Gene Raymond when she hears Tone malign her singing boy friend. In New York, Raymond runs out on Crawford when he gets a chance to go on the stage with Esther Ralston. Bitter, Crawford makes a play for Edward Arnold, the first dough-heavy man she meets, and marries him while they are both drunk.

Arnold, seriously ill from overdrinking, quarrels with Crawford when she attempts to cure him of the liquor habit. Tone, certain Crawford is letting Arnold drink himself to death so that she will get his money, insults her. While this is happening Crawford is still in love with Raymond, whom she sees on the stage occasionally.

With this set-up, things are developed realistically and forcefully to the climax. If Sadie McKee had stopped sooner it would have been a perfect picture of its type.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production cost: about $200,000. Joan Crawford, born Lucille La Sueur, ex-Follies girl discovered for M.-G.-M. by that ever alert scout Harry Rapf. Joan, up to recently wedded deathlessly to Doug Fairbanks Jr., will probably become deathlessly wedded to Franchot Tone, aristocratic son of the head of the American Carborundum Co. . . . Tone's salary: around $2,500 . . . Gene Raymond is known as the only platinum-blond male in Hollywood. Has best part in Sadie McKee because of fuss he raised to have entire story rewritten to better fit his talents . . . Esther Ralston is one-time wife of George Webb, ex-actor's agent, who retired after raising wife to Hollywood stardom . . . Jean Dixon is Broadway star, newly recruited from George S. Kaufman vitriolic comedy parts . . . Joan Crawford's salary: $4,000 per week.

½★ MERRY WIVES OF RENO

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Guy Kibbee, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, Roscoe Ates, Ruth Donnelly, Hobart Cavenaugh. Directed by Bruce Humberstone.

IF Merry Wives of Reno comes to your neighborhood, then break your lease and move. It's a dull, pointless little affair with nothing to recommend it, except perhaps the wabbly-legged lamb that wanders aimlessly throughout the story.

Frank McHugh, as the philandering bell hop in a Reno hostelry, works hard and brings forth a few isolated laughs. The others, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell, Ruth Donnelly—and good farceurs they are, too, if given any material at all—use the tricks which worked in other pictures. But they might have saved the trouble. Nothing works in this film.

Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, playing the young married couple who do the weary trek to Reno, are no more than routine as the love interest.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production cost: about $250,000. Month in making. Sheep in cast is named Eloise. Good comedian but there is little future for a sheep in pictures . . . In support of Eloise: Margaret Lindsay. Real name: Margaret Kies. Sold herself to Fox Films for all-English cast of Cavalcade on strength of a couple of years in England. Actually born in Dubuque. Salary: about $1,000 per week . . . Donald Woods. Real name: Ralph Zink. Is ex-high jumper of U. of C. and now playing in stock at Ellitch Gardens, Denver, Colorado . . . Glenda Farrell is in romantic cahoots with Bob Riskin, Hollywood writer.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders.

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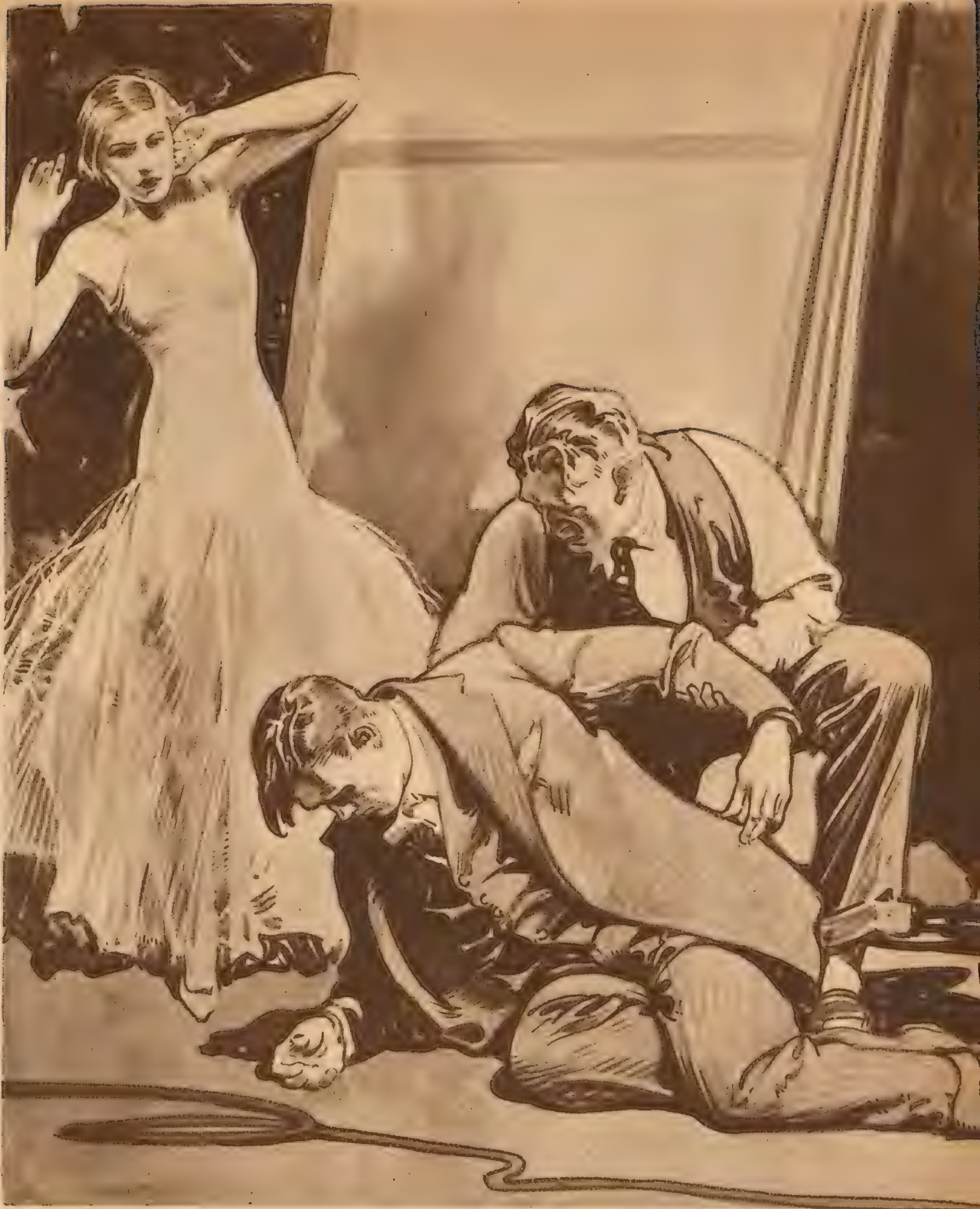
MADE IN CANADA

A Searching Study of That Strange Thing We Call the Human Heart—The Story of a Greedy Goddess and Her Worshiper's Reward ....



Obsession

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

IN the days when Cliff Gregory made his advent on Broadway he was a shy boy with a liquid Southern accent and gray eyes full of dreams. The sort of boy who had the sort of mother who belonged on a porch draped in honeysuckle.

Yet Cliff's advent as a press agent was not merely casual, not the result of aimless drifting from the dramatic page of a daily newspaper to the more circumscribed activity of exploiting stars. The dreams in his eyes held one vision, one desire, one hope. He wanted to be a producer of plays, a constructive power in the theater which he loved as some young priest who keeps alive a sacred white flame on the altar of his patron saint.

He had an uncanny sense of the dramatic. Press-agenting was merely the first candle burned on his altar.

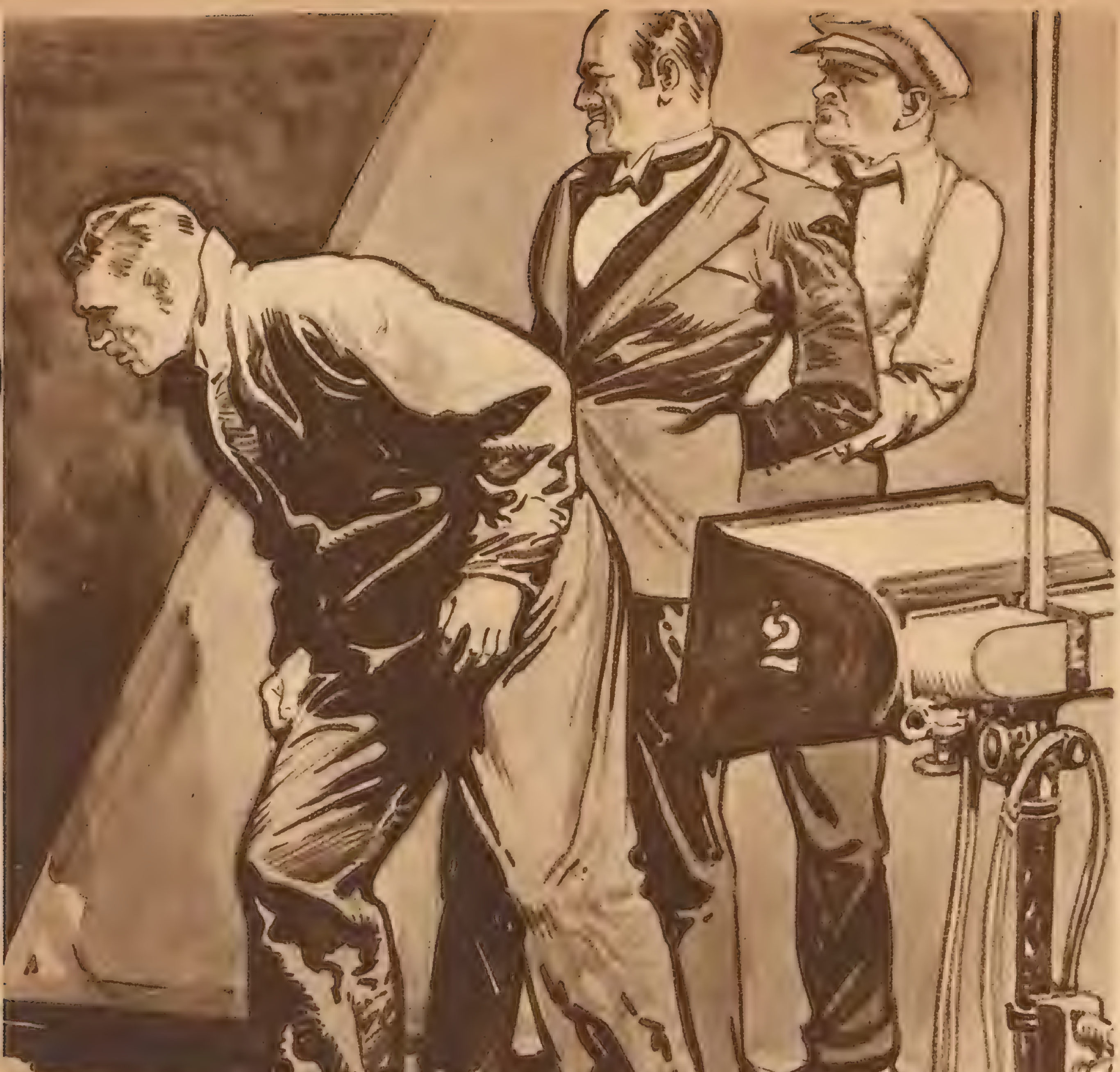
Then suddenly his patron saint changed to an idol, his vision dwindled to one tiny point of light. The temple of his dreams receded. He found himself prostrate before the pirouetting figure of a woman.

Of course Cliff had no idea this metamorphosis was taking place. When he first drew the attention of Dolph Cleeburg, the theatrical manager, to a little dancer in the second row of the chorus, it was purely with an appraising eye constantly on the still hunt for theatrical discoveries.

"Watch her, Mr. Cleeburg. Her vim, abandon, the deviltry in her eyes! Did you ever see naughtier eyes—the way they pick out each individual man in the audience? What shining red hair! And those knees—"

Cleeburg made a particular note of the knees and of the bald-headed row's apparent absorption in them.

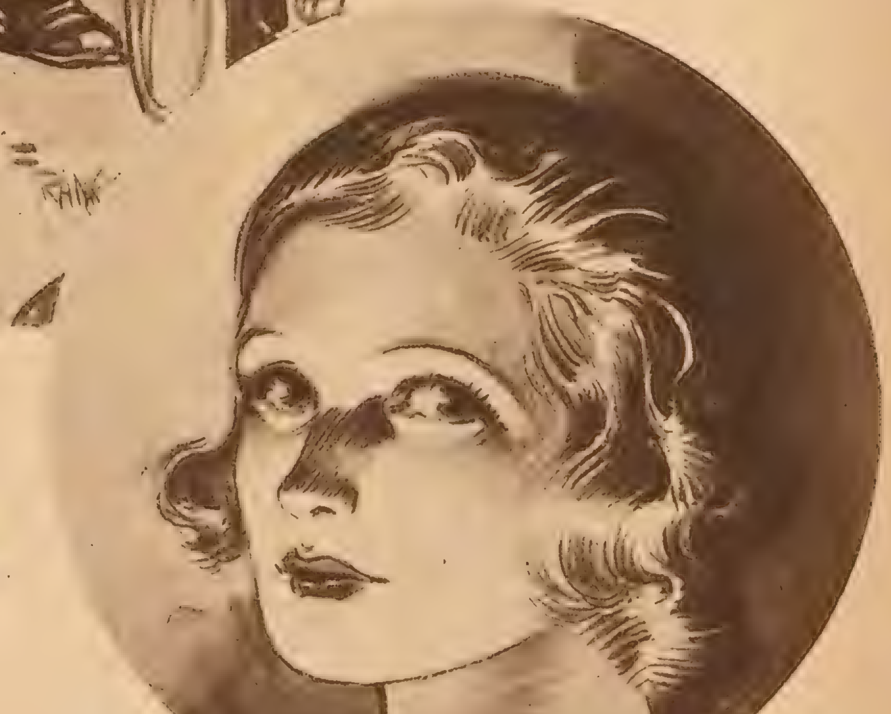
"I believe she's a real find, Mr. Cleeburg. She could



From all directions rushed stage hands. Men shouted. Women shrieked. Cliff toppled down at her feet.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

by
RITA WEIMAN



MIMI VALI

put over a song like electricity. The revue you're getting ready for the spring—give her a chance in that."

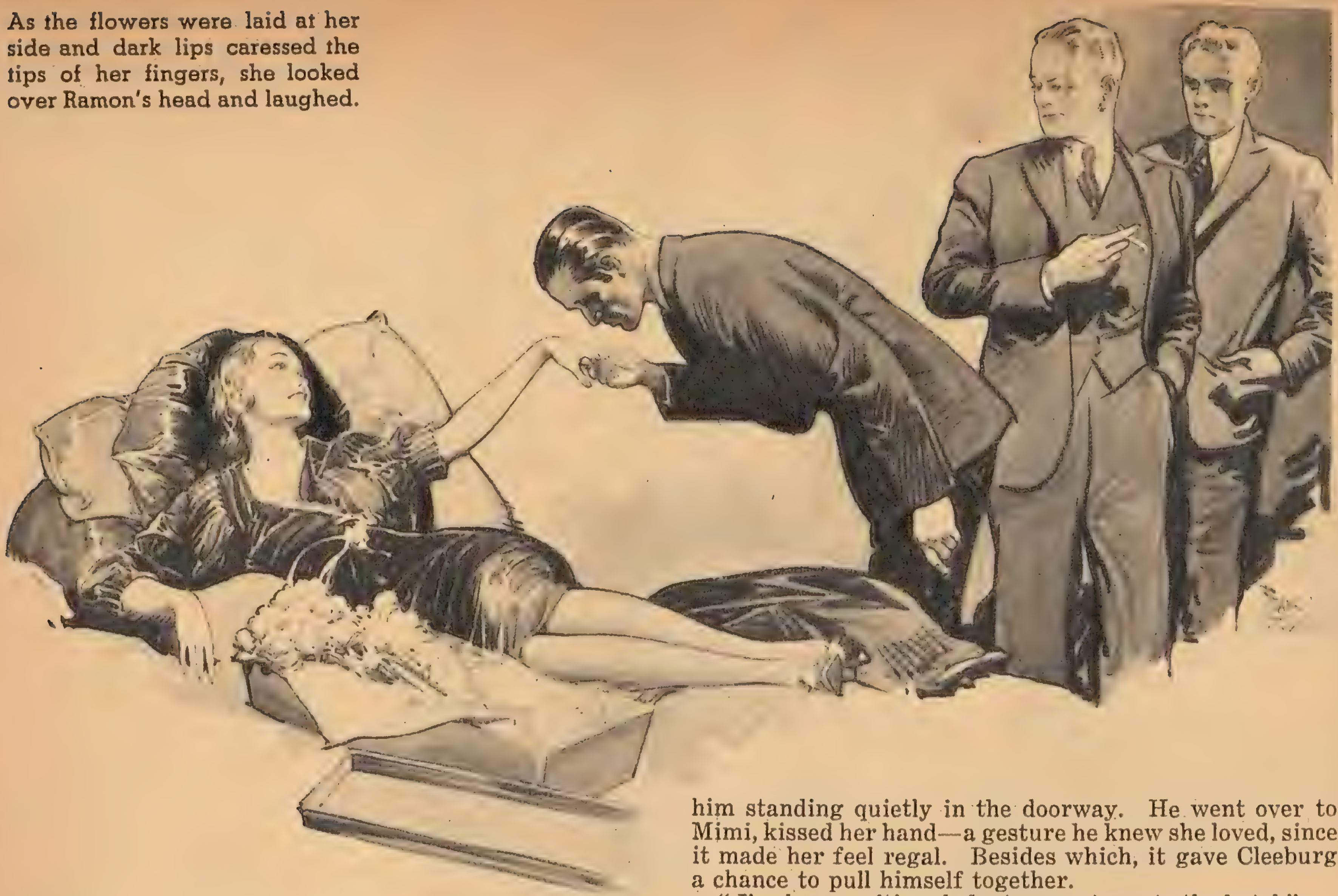
"All right; we'll try her out."

Casually as most soul tragedy takes root, Cliff Gregory, from being Dolph Cleeburg's general press representative, became Mimi Vali's exclusive one. He it was who established her as the "*enfant terrible* of musical comedy." He who built up the legend of foreign princes fighting for her smiles. Mimi, born in the goulash-and-garlic section of Manhattan, cultivated at his suggestion her mother's native Hungarian accent. Flashing changes of mood she did not have to cultivate. Only Cliff Gregory knew how to handle these tantrums. She demanded all his time, all his ingenuity, all his patience. He gave them. He made a star of her.

Automatically, recklessly, ruthlessly she accepted, giving him the mechanism of her smiles while she sapped him as some vicious vine thrives on the strength of an oak.

The whole world of the theater, vibrating with gossip, knew that he adored Mimi, realized long before he did the change in Cliff. When he did realize it, her twinkling toes had trampled resistance underfoot.

"Am I a milksop?" he used to ask himself wonderingly when, on the road in advance of the show, he found himself alone and lonely in some drab hotel room. "Is this all I want? This!"



As the flowers were laid at her side and dark lips caressed the tips of her fingers, she looked over Ramon's head and laughed.

The theater! The love of his life! Tossed into the discard for a woman. In his aloneness he was ashamed—deeply, poignantly ashamed. Yet when she arrived he forgot his shame, forgot everything but her.

The sense that she needed him dissipated his aloneness like a gust of dusty wind.

He barricaded her against the hatred of her company. He stood between her and the public which must believe her tantrums to be temperament, not temper.

The third season of stardom witnessed her enormous success in Mlle. Julie. Also the more or less questionable reports that the irresistible Mimi Vali would probably at the close of the run marry a South American millionaire whose ardor had arrested and held her vagrant attention these many months.

Cliff knew Mimi had not the slightest intention of doing anything of the sort. But conjecture is always excellent publicity.

When the New York run ended, Mimi went on the road as she always did. The first engagement was in Boston.

On a bleak Sunday afternoon Cliff boarded the train at the Back Bay Station and hurried to her drawing-room. Mimi was sitting with gaze fastened on the rain-soaked window. Her foot tapped the floor. Beside her stood Cleeburg, a forced smile on his lips while his eyes blazed.

"But I do not like this foggy black city," she was saying. "It makes me sad. I will not play here!"

"My dear child," ventured the manager, "you're tired. A rest in a warm comfy bed and the outlook will be altogether different."

"I do not play here," repeated Mimi.

Cleeburg began to sputter.

"Well, you can't stay on the train! If you don't get out, they'll put you out."

"I stay here until you step out and buy tickets for Minette and me to return to New York. Then I sit in the station until it is time to go on the train again."

Cliff then walked into the midst of it as if nothing in the least were happening. Only Mimi's maid had noticed him standing quietly in the doorway. He went over to Mimi, kissed her hand—a gesture he knew she loved, since it made her feel regal. Besides which, it gave Cleeburg a chance to pull himself together.

"I've been waiting, lady, to escort you to the hotel."

"I do not go," Mimi informed him.

"Well, now, that's a pity"—Cliff's voice showed neither surprise nor disturbance—"because we're sold out for a week. Most unusual in this town, too. It's you, Mimi—they're crazy to see you."

The tribute had no effect.

"I do not play here," said Mimi.

"Of course, Mr. Cleeburg," he observed quickly, "if she's made up her mind, there's nothing more to it. What's your plan, Mimi?"

"I go back to New York tonight."

Cliff sent Cleeburg a warning glance and proceeded to the door.

The train glided to a standstill.

"Well, if that's the case, I'll get your train tickets right away," said Cliff.

MIMI got to her feet, whisked past her manager, and followed Cliff. He placed her and the French maid on a bench in the waiting room and, to Cleeburg's astonishment, proceeded straight to the ticket window. The manager was at his heels, protesting.

"Let her have her own way," insisted Cliff. "Come with me and don't say a word."

He put the tickets in Mimi's hand.

"I'm sorry, Mimi dear, I can't wait with you. But there's a lot to attend to. I've got to invent a plausible lie and arrange to refund the money on advance sales. Be sure to keep your veil pulled down. If anybody recognizes you and the truth leaks through, you won't have to wait till tonight—they'll run you out of town." He gave the suggestion plenty of time to register; then once more raised her hand to his lips. "Send Minette to the Ritz for your mail and some telegrams. I'll be back here in time to see you off. You don't leave until nearly midnight."

With which parting sally he turned away.

As they got into the cab, Cleeburg was frothing inarticulately.

"Don't you see," Cliff explained, "all she wants is a row. That Spaniard who's crazy about her has probably convinced her she shouldn't leave New York. She's in one of her stubborn moods, and nothing you or I or anybody else can say will do the slightest good. I know Mimi."

"She'll drive me just once too often and I'll—"

"Oh, no you won't, sir," put in Cliff hastily. "She doesn't mean a thing by all this fuss. She's just a little bundle of nerves. And she's the best box-office draw in the country."

Dolph Cleeburg turned, stared into the eager face, and for an instant anger softened to sympathy.

"Pull out of it, boy. Illusions—that's what you're hugging. She's about as brutally selfish as they come, and I don't like to see you—"

"It's all right," Cliff put him off huskily. "I know what you mean. But there are things we can't help and this is one of them."

"Look here. I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle," Cleeburg pursued. "You're an idealist. You've gone off your head, made an obsession of something that doesn't exist. That's your danger. If this wasn't anything more than a flare-up—if Mimi even pretended she loved you for a while, played around with you, then chucked you—there'd be an end. You'd get a line on things as they are. But Mimi doesn't want you—"

"I know—"

"She just wants all you've got to give her. You're the only thing in her silly little life that has any stability. She's feeding on it, and you'll have to break away, boy, or she'll finish you."

"What you ask isn't easy."

"I'll make it easy. Give you the chance to clear out. I'm not satisfied with the way my London interests are being handled. Suppose I send you over. You can stay there a couple of years. Later—well, I've got all sorts of ideas, young man." He said it paternally, with a smile.

FOR a minute Cliff was silent.

"You're a brick, Mr. Cleeburg," he said finally. "You don't know what this means. Why, all my life—all my life I've—"

"Don't I know, though! That's why you're the kind of fellow I'll want as a partner in a few years. Send you over to get your training, then take you on here. I'm not going to fall behind with the gang who are howling that the regiment's out of step with them. Well, what say? You can sail in a month."

Cliff looked toward the fog-blanketed street beyond the cab window. Dreams! Opportunity! His first love, the theater, opening arms to him.

The manager's proposition was a gift from the gods. He'd accept, of course.

An hour later he went to the Ritz and knocked at the suite he had engaged for Mimi. Her maid admitted him. Cliff entered as if he had expected to find them there. As a matter of fact it was exactly what he had expected.

On the sofa lay Mimi like a wilted tiger lily. Her nose was buried in a bit of lace.

She looked at him and began to cry,

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With evening dresses getting lower, backs and necks and arms just must be soft and smooth! That's why I always use Palmolive for baths. And of course I give my face a Palmolive treatment twice a day.

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that apparently having constituted her pastime since he had left her.

"How could you—how could you, Cliff? I never thought you would treat me so." She italicized the "you" with sobbing reproach.

"Mimi darling, do you suppose I wanted to leave you at the station?"

"But you knew I didn't really mean it all, Cliff. I am just unhappy—and it hurts here." An eloquent gesture of tragedy brought the bit of lace to her breast.

He pulled a chair to the couch, much as a physician approaching a patient. He began to stroke her hand.

"What's happened this time?"

"It's Ramon—we have quarreled. He is furious because I go away for so long. He wanted me to marry him and leave the stage. But I do not wish to marry him. I do not wish to marry any man. But I do love him, Cliff, and I am miserable."

"Of course." It was not a new story.

"What am I going to do for six long months, Cliff—so far away?"

He might have supplied, "Forget him, as you always do." Yet for the moment silence was the wiser philosophy.

"What am I going to do?" she repeated woefully.

RITA WEIMAN
who has been a writer since her school days in Philadelphia, where she was born. Her first book was published in 1917, and she has a long list of novels and short stories to her credit, some of which have been dramatized. She makes her home in New York City.

"Go on tomorrow night like the great little artist you are, and make the sacrifice of forgetting your own pain for the sake of your public."

A shrewd appeal at once to vanity and sentimentality.

"Cliff—do you think I could? Do you believe I would ever be equal to it?"

"You'll be more fascinating than ever because you'll have to hide the ache in your heart," he fed her.

The hand like a baby's closed, clinging around his.

"Cliff—" she sighed. "Cliff—I should die without you. Don't ever leave me."

He bent down. On a shamefaced hungry impulse, he caught her against him, even while he knew that the murmuring of his name with such warm caress meant nothing more than an outlet for self-pity.

She clung to him. Soft white arms round his neck, she continued to sob against his shoulder. He looked down at her wet shut eyes, at the full parted lips, and held her close. The small tenacious hand fastened on his.

The following night, after the performance, Cliff approached Dolph Cleeburg, who stood waiting in the wings.

"Well," the manager said with one comprehensive look into the pale face, "how about you, young man? Do you go to London for me or does that redhead get you?"

The answer came in a tense undertone:

"Please don't say what you'll want to say, sir! I know what everybody thinks—I know what you have a right to think of me for turning down that offer. I'm a fool. Worse! But while she needs me I've just got to stick."

THE show traveled to the coast and back, the tour punctuated by milestones of hysteria, rebellion, and the usual violent outbursts. But in Los Angeles Mimi met a young Californian who had inherited more millions than intelligence. He followed her across the continent. Here Cliff proved his prediction. Mimi's ardent South American became as outmoded as a discarded fashion.

So he remained until the day of her arrival in New York. Then, to Mimi's annoyed amazement, he loomed up in the doorway of her living room, arms absurdly bulging with flowers.

Backgrounded by Cliff, her maid, and the latest court favorite, Mimi lay curled on a divan like some petted kitten. Indeed, as her eyes took in the old love face to face with the new, astonishment dissolved into two glittering points of cruel amusement unmistakably feline.

As the flowers were laid at her side and dark lips caressed the tips of her fingers, she looked over Ramon's head at the bystanders and laughed. Not aloud but a smooth smothered purr.

The Latin lifted ardent brooding eyes, caught the significant thrust of her rapier smile. Instantly he stepped back.

Mimi's smile radiated to his successor. She watched the two men measure each other and the point of her little pink tongue licked her lips.

Cliff read the page of her thoughts as clearly as though it lay open before him.

The discarded Ramon, denied admittance to Mimi's apartment, began to haunt the theater. Muttering to himself as he paced the alley outside the stage entrance, he waylaid her at all hours.

At each encounter she found it increasingly difficult to ignore him, to sweep past, to avoid possible scenes and grinning crowds.

CLIFF fell into the habit of accompanying her to and from her dressing room. He made of his agile body a shield nimbly placed between Mimi and the intruder. Something about the stare of the man's eyes disturbed him more than he admitted.

"Send him away," pleaded Mimi. "He drives me mad. I cannot bear it! Get rid of him, Cliff dear-r-r."

Only once Cliff tried to accomplish this. Coming out of the stage door between the acts one night, he almost collided with the dark figure pacing in shadow.

"Look here," he blurted. "Come on and have a drink. I want to talk to you."

The other followed silently down three steps into a basement and to a corner table. Sitting opposite, Cliff studied him under the light. He had the look of a religious fanatic who has fasted for days. A look of starvation bordering on frenzy.

"Listen, old man," Cliff began cautiously. "I want you to know I'm your friend. The advice I'm giving you is straight—man to man. Keep away from Mimi. She's just a child playing at love, and any man who takes her seriously is letting himself in for trouble. That may sound brutal. But it's the truth."

The tense fingers twirled a glass.

"I come of a people who do not take love lightly," was the response in a warning tone.

"But, my dear fellow," pursued Cliff, "Mimi does *not* come of those people. Her moods are as roving as a gypsy's."

"She makes a fool of me," groaned the harassed voice. "It's she who takes my will to live. I have lost interest in everything. My business—my future—everything. If I go away, I shall only return in the hope of a word from her."

The man raised his glass, drained the contents. Then with a swift movement he got to his feet, strode out of the place.

For several weeks he seemed to vanish from sight. Once more Mimi gayly strutted the boards each night without a fear in the world.

"I do not care how foolish you are [she sang]
  As long as you're foolish for me—
It really is much better if you're not too serious.
  I love a man who's big and strong—but quite delirious.
What do you care? You'll get a thrill,
  For love like mine is never still.
So, willy-nilly, please be silly, foolish as can be,
  Be sad, be glad, go on, be mad—be crazy—over me!"

Then down to the footlights she pivoted.

It was at a Saturday matinée that she dashed into the wings after this song, calling wildly for Cliff. He was not in the theater.

"Find him! I want him here—I must have him at once!"

Cliff was located at his office, brought in a rush to her side.

"He is in front—Ramon—the first row! And he looked at me—oh, Cliff, I am so afraid at the way he looks! Stay by me. Don't let him come near me!"

"It's all right—it's all right. Keep calm, dear—"

But her fingers clutched him. She dragged him to a place in the wings. She seemed utterly panic-stricken.

Peering out from the side of the stage, he glimpsed Ramon in the first row, rising to leave.

Cliff hurried to the stage doorman. "Don't let anybody in, Pete. Not anybody—understand?"

As Mimi came off, he laid an arm across her shoulders and started toward the star's dressing room. Intent upon reassuring her, he did not notice that the iron door opening backstage from one of the boxes swung wide—not until he heard a cry and wheeled round to see a pistol leveled directly at the woman within his arm. Without a tremor he thrust her behind him. Instinct prompted a swift lunge to throw the weapon upward.

But the flash, the spurt of smoke came first.

From all directions rushed stage hands. Men shouted. Women shrieked.

In the midst of it all stood Cliff, erect, white, quiet. One hand still held Mimi. His body still screened her. Then he toppled, swaying like a tree uprooted, and went down at her feet. . . .

While Mimi received reporters and went into eloquent details of how the attempt on her life had been frustrated, Cliff's life wavered on the dim stage of the unknown with nurses and doctors as sole audience.

They managed to extract the bullet lodged in his shoulder, but danger of blood poisoning complicated his chances of recovery.

Though barred from the room, Dolph Cleeburg called daily. For the first few days Mimi accompanied him crying that they must save her Cliff; weeping and trembling as they tried to calm her. Then she sent quantities of flowers and telephoned.

"What good can I accomplish," she excused herself to Cleeburg, with a pathetic gesture of despair, "when they will not even let me see the poor boy?"

But to newspapermen she told another story:

"I cannot give you much time. I am at the hospital every moment when I am not at the theater. If my boy dies, I shall die. I could not bear it—I could not go on!"

FROM the fabric of her ready hysteria she wove the delicate tapestry of romance. As the pattern evolved, they asked whether she meant to marry Cliff if he recovered. She looked wise, smiled bewitchingly, said nothing.

Then bit by bit she let it be known that for years they had loved each other—a deep, tender, self-sacrificing devotion.

All over the country the story was featured. When the dailies finished with it, yellow-journal Sunday sheets played it up for all it was worth.

Perhaps vibrations of this vitalizing interest in his welfare penetrated hospital walls. Cliff pulled tenaciously back to consciousness. What there was left of him, that is. The man on the bed seemed a faint reflection of himself.

One Sunday afternoon as he lay propped on his pillows, turning the pages of a vividly illustrated magazine section, his own picture confronted him. At the opposite side of a double-page spread was Mimi. Between them, across a wild sketch of the shooting, headlines announced their engagement.

The thing first startled him, then caused impersonal curiosity. In his press experience he had planted so much of the truth embroidered that this might readily be the effusion of some ambitious special writer.

He began to read.

"I think I have always cared for Cliff," was Mimi's declaration, "but it took this awful tragedy to make me realize it."

And the interview ended flamboyantly:

"The assailant is being held pending the outcome of his attack. Will he go on trial as a murderer? Or will he be the means of bringing together these two who were always meant for each other?"

CLIFF dropped the paper. For a long time he lay frowning. Then a slow smile radiated his face. No, it couldn't be just newspaper hokum. Mimi must have said it. And saying it, meant it. Women were like that, he supposed. Accepting a man's love thoughtlessly until some dynamic upheaval brought them to sudden realization of their own feelings. He chuckled as he visualized Mimi exclaiming that she had wasted so many years when they should have been together. Blessed little fraud!

The next day, against the protest of his nurse and the advice of Cleeburg, he sent for her.

She came after the matinée, tiptoeing into the room.

"Come along—don't act like a funeral. I'm not a dead one by any means." He reached out a hand.

She took it, dropped to a chair by the bed. She looked adorable. He sniffed her perfume with long whiffs of satisfaction.

"Oh, Cliff—" she sighed. "Oh, Cliff!" And began to cry with soft tenderness. "When I think of how near you came to death—Cliff darling—I am frantic."

"Then don't think of it. Give me a kiss."

The moist warm lips brushed his cheek.

"No, a real one, I mean."

"The nurse says I must not—that I must keep you ver-ry quiet."

"To the devil with the nurse!"

She leaned over, laid her lips against his. Cliff would have held her there, but she drew away.

"You must be good, darling—or they will send me home."

"Let them try!"

He sent his gaze roving over her. Lovely, reckless, irresponsible, adorable possession—his! He reached over to the table and pulled out a flaring sheet.

"Mimi Vali—I want you to know without delay that I've received your

"I Couldn't Sit,
Couldn't Stand,
Couldn't Even
Lie Down!

The Suffering I Had to Bear In Secret"

WHAT a toll Piles take—in pain, in physical and mental incapacitation, in drain on vitality! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

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"Ever since the birth of my first child, twelve years ago, I have suffered almost incessantly from Piles. I tried everything for relief but nothing seemed to help.

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proposal and accept with pleasure." It was said lightly enough, but the hand passing the paper shook.

Mimi gave merely a glance at the colorful display. Then she began to laugh softly, with a low gurgle like water over stones.

"I think I made a ver-ry, ver-ry fine press agent, Mr. Gregory," she drawled. "You had better come back soon or you will lose your job."

That was all.

Cliff's eyes closed, chiefly because he could not bring himself to look at hers. No—it wasn't possible. She couldn't, with sheer brutality, have used him that way while he lay helpless!

The look of the gaunt face was frightening as he turned to her.

"Mimi—answer me. Did you mean one word of what you say here?"

"Why, Cliff dear, you are not angry? I thought—when you would see it, you would understand and be pleased."

"You thought I'd never see it! You counted on the fact that if I did pull through I'd be too sick to look at a paper—"

"Why, Cliff—I did not think anything about that—"

And suddenly, encompassing her expression of bewilderment, he realized that what she said was true. She had not even concerned herself with his end of it. Cheaply, cold-bloodedly, she had exploited him in order to center the spotlight on her small self. She was so utterly lacking in thought for any one else that his reactions, the terrific hurt to him, had never so much as entered into consideration. What matter if and how he suffered through her vanity? What matter that she pilloried him and invited the populace to gaze on the spectacle and laugh? What matter what happened to Cliff Gregory? As long as he was of use she would use him, wring him dry. Then what? Then what?

"I thought I was clever," he heard her say. "I thought you would praise me, not take all this so solemnly. And now—I am disappointed."

SHE began to apply the pout of an offended child. He couldn't stand it. He felt as though her sharp shellacked little nails were tearing him to shreds. The cumulative shame of years mounted, shot white blinding heat across his eyeballs.

He turned on the pillow—away from her.

"Cliff—"

"I think you'd better go now," he said hoarsely and very low. "I'm tired. Just leave me alone, will you?"

"But, Cliff—you do not understand how amusing—"

"It's all right. I get your point. The joke's on me."

"You are tired. Tomorrow when I see you perhaps you will understand and not blame me."

His haggard face pressed into the pillow.

"You won't see me again," came faintly.

With a small sob, Mimi rose.

"Cliff," she protested, "what is wrong with you?"

"Wrong?" He began to laugh uncontrollably. Desperate racking laughter that frightened her. "Oh, my God, can't you see what's wrong with me? I've been so damn' dumb, Mimi, I thought you had some machinery inside you that functioned like a heart. I was as ready to bank on it as any poor sucker downtown who's dropped his roll on some phony stock he believed in. Only I sank more than my roll. I dropped about everything that counted, almost including my more or less inconsequential life. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. But now it all matters. The future Cleeburg promised me, that I chucked. It matters tremendously."

"But of course, Cliff dear"—she nodded soothingly—"you will come back to me and we will forget this awful experience."

"I'm afraid you don't get me, Mimi. I haven't the slightest intention of coming back to you."

"What do you mean?" The shock suddenly robbed her voice of its trilling accent. "What do you mean—not come back?"

"Just that."

"But, Cliff, don't be silly! You know not another man can handle me."

"I'm sorry."

"You can't desert me! I could never get along. I'd be lost without you."

"And I've been lost, dear girl, with you."

"What nonsense!" She tried to laugh, but the laugh trembled. "What an absurdity—to suppose you could be happy away from me!"

"Yes, I can—far enough away. I'm going to England to find my first love."

MIMI misunderstood completely.

"Another woman?" came in amazed indignation. "You would give another woman my place?"

He let it go at that and said nothing.

For a second she stood over him in shaking rage. Then she bent down. Her sharp shellacked little nails clutched his shoulder. Her perfume wafted insinuatingly close.

"Cliff," she announced, "Cliff—I adore you! I will marry you. I *do* love you. Believe that, darling, won't you?"

Cliff winced from the pain her clinging fingers caused.

"No, little opportunist," he whispered huskily; "I'm afraid I won't."

The door opened gently to admit Cliff's nurse. She took in the smothering little figure bent over the bed.

"Come, Miss Vali," she said. "I'm afraid you'll have to leave."

Mimi hesitated. Fury was still rampant in the brows that met, in the tight lips from which wheedling words of love had trickled, in the tense fingers that loosed mechanically.

"Just one minute more—"

"No. I'm sorry—but you've already overstayed your time."

Mimi's slight figure shook.

She stepped back, looking at Cliff. But his eyes had traveled past her to Dolph Cleeburg's jovial face framed in the doorway.

"Hello there, boy," said Cleeburg. "How are we today?"

Cliff answered a little weakly, yet with eagerness.

"Well enough to undertake that trip abroad," he said, "if you still want me to go."

"Do I!" the manager beamed. "The sooner the better. And say—you look great for a man who's been through hell."

"I've just come out of it," smiled Cliff. "I'll be all right now."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, 204 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

1—Why does a medical prescription begin with ℞?

2—Who were the jongleurs?

3—When and where was Marie Dressler born?

4—What is baroque art?

5—What is an octoroon?

6—What is the linear diameter of the sun?

7—How many people speak the Spanish language?

8—From what point in America can both the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans be seen?

9—What is the difference between an Anglophile and an Anglophobe?

10—What present leading American sport was brought from Bermuda to this country in 1874?

11—Who was the first Prince of Wales to visit the United States?

12—What salary did George Washington receive as President?

13—Who invented the first refrigerating machine?

14—Where is Unalaska?

15—What is a kiloliter?

16—Who was Henry Watterson?

17—Of what is bronze composed?

18—What early American painter went to England, became court painter and president of the Royal Academy?

19—How often is a United States census taken?

20—Which state capitals are located farthest south and farthest north?

(Answers will be found on page 48)

claims as a possible bargaining point with the European nations; continuation of the chemical warfare service on a high plane of efficiency; sale of aircraft and training of pilots in China.

The Japanese Empire: Warning to the whole world that China is Japan's meat and that foreign loans to China must get a Japanese visa; demand for a navy as strong as the British and American navies; conquest of Manchuria and Inner Mongolia; aggressive trade expansion in every part of the world; rush orders of raw materials and munitions sufficient to last the empire through a year of warfare; day-and-night work on the railway tunnel which will shorten the trip from Japan to the Manchurian border by twelve hours and thus make it possible to operate more easily against Russian armies.

The Soviet Union: Double-tracking the Siberian Railroad to Lake Baikal; construction of flying fields and massing of military aircraft along the Manchurian border; rushing of fortifications at Vladivostok and its conversion into a submarine and air base pointed at Japan; construction of big munitions and steel plants in central Siberia; heavy concentration of the Red Army on the Manchurian border; training of military aviators at the rate of 1,500 a month; negotiation of nonaggression treaties with all Russia's European neighbors to keep her back door guarded; friendly diplomatic relations with France and America; intensified Communist propaganda in China and in central Europe.

Great Britain: Open declaration of trade war against Japan; big increase in the Royal Air Force; conference of British admirals at Singapore to discuss the defense of the Pacific; completion of the big new naval and air base at Singapore with fuel-oil supplies available in the Dutch East Indies and the Persian Gulf; naval construction up to the limits of the London Treaty; diplomatic support of Germany against France and of France against Germany so as to hold the balance of power in Europe; encouragement of Mussolini to take an interest in Arabia and Asia; sale of munitions to China.

Germany: Swift destruction of the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles; organization of an unofficial army—police, Brown Shirts, Black Shirts, labor corps, and gymnastic societies—of well over a million men; tremendously efficient chemical and aviation preparation; demand for equality of treatment at Geneva; propaganda for the annexation of Austria; propaganda against the Jews in central and eastern Europe where anti-Jewish feeling has been general for centuries; what amounts to an alliance with Poland against Russia; cultivation of the old Prussian spirit; use of foreign loans to compel Germany's creditors to give her special consideration; cultivation of suspiciously warm friendship with Japan; tremendous internal enthusiasm for Germany's reawakening under Hitler. The most formidable comeback of a beaten nation in modern history.

France: A wild rush to complete the wall of fortifications from the Mediterranean to the North Sea; adoption of a program of unlimited armament; adoption of what is almost a Fascist dictatorship through a Cabinet of National Concentration; a strong effort to hold her anti-German allies in line; permission to Italy to control Austria and Hungary in order to bring Mussolini into the anti-German camp and keep Hitler away from the Danube and the Balkans; world-wide propaganda against Germany; attempt to win Japan away from Germany.

Italy: Mussolini denounces the "Yellow Peril"; King Victor Emmanuel III demands heavy Italian armaments; sale of Italian aircraft to China; the diplomatic occupation by Italy of the defeated Hapsburg Empire to block Germany's push toward Asia; sudden Italian interest in Arabia and the Far East.

China: Constant import of planes and guns; intrigues with Russia, Japan, America, and the League of Nations; creation of new and better equipped armies; division of the country into unofficial "spheres of influence"—Russian in Mongolia, Japanese in Manchuria and North China, British in Turkestan and around Hongkong, French in South China—with a great military struggle raging in the Yangtze Valley between the Communists and the Nationalists. The cockpit of the next world war.

The crisis will become acute in 1935. By the end of that year the vital Japanese railway tunnel and the Russian double-tracking should be complete. In 1935 the resignation of Japan and Germany from the League of Nations will take effect and will immediately raise the question of whether the former German islands which Japan holds by mandate from the League of Nations can be allowed to continue in Japanese possession. In 1935 there will be the vote which decides whether the Saar coal fields shall be returned to Germany or kept by France, and this vote will be the test of whether there shall be certain or only probable future war between France and Germany. In 1935 will be held the naval conference called for by the Washington Treaties of 1922. And in 1935 France will be at her weakest with respect to man power, due to the tremendous wartime decrease of births in 1915-18.

This is Germany's first big opportunity since the war, for *her* birth rate was kept high throughout the fighting.

If war should break out in the near future, it would be bound to spread. This is especially true if Japan and Russia should fight and Japan should win the first victories. It would so weaken the prestige of the white race in Asia as to threaten to end British rule in India and to drive every white colonizing nation back to Suez and Hawaii. The inner councils of the British Empire now quietly admit that they cannot afford to let Japan beat Russia a second time. Again: if Russia should have heavy sledding in conducting a war in eastern Asia, it would provide a tempting chance for Poland and Germany to unite for the conquest of the South Russian Ukraine.

MANY diplomats believe that the recent Polish-German nonaggression treaty really means an anti-Russian alliance. If so, France would want to bring pressure to bear on Germany, possibly to attack, and all of British and Italian power would be needed to keep the war from spreading through Europe. At the same time the Russians, in self-defense, would start Communist uprisings everywhere in western Europe. That would leave no counterpoise to victorious Japan except the United States.

As a result, every device known to human ingenuity would be used to shove us out in front as the great nation whose moral duty it was to save civilization by fighting the wicked Japanese. Our big business men and bankers would, as in the last war, try to grab new markets and new power.

Great Britain and the British Dominions would look to us for support and defense against the "Yellow Peril."

Our tremendous color prejudice would be appealed to in an effort to mobilize the white race against the Japanese.

All the radicals would loudly demand that we come to the defense of the "Soviet experiment" against the Japanese "imperialists."

And there would be plenty of good piping-hot atrocity stories, specializing in the rape and torture of white women by Japanese soldiers.

It would be hard for the average American not to fall for it, and if he did, it would be the "holiest," most self-righteous and stupid war in our history.

For the welfare and prosperity of Japan are of vital importance to us. A bankrupt, communistic, or revolutionary Japanese Empire would be a terrible danger to us and our interests in the Pacific. We have no desire to complete the destruction of Germany, and we have no duty to defend the Soviet Union from its enemies. Our only interest and our only policy is to maintain the greatest possible amount of peace for the longest possible period of time, and only to fight, as a last resort, for what we really want.

As it is, we shall have to move—and do it swiftly—if we are to avoid being gradually entangled in another world war. What can we do about it? Can we postpone or altogether prevent the outbreak of the terrible struggle which is in the making? Perhaps. Can we handle ourselves so as to make events work for us rather than against us? We can.

THE END

Can We Head off Another War?

A Striking Picture of the World as It Is, and a Look at the Crisis to Come

by JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ARE we on the eve of the next world war? Can we halt the forces which are driving us, with the rest of the world, nearer to the abyss?

Three years ago Japan began the conquest of Manchuria, the richest part of China, despite the Nine-Power Treaty. Two years ago Germany began to follow Hitler away from the Treaty of Versailles. These two events marked the end of the postwar era and the beginning of a new prewar period. Today the world is plunged into another race for armaments, heading for the first show-down in 1935.

In the first place, China is breaking up and offers profitable booty to her imperialistic neighbors.

In the second place, the Germans have decided that they will not let the victors of the last war keep on holding them down. Germany still wants her place in the sun and is ready to start once more the famous push toward Asia which forced her into the last World War.

In the third place, Japan has discovered the vital secret of successful commercial competition. Cheap Japanese goods are flooding China India, Africa, and South America, despite all tariffs and boycotts. This is not merely a matter of low wages, cheap money, or government subsidy. It is a matter of applying the principle of "straight-line production" to foreign trade and charging one profit on the entire cycle of purchase of raw material, transportation, manufacture, sale, finance, and insurance; whereas Japan's competitors charge anywhere from ten to twenty independent profits on the same process. This Japanese discovery is the most important single event of the postwar period. The Japanese have already compelled the British to declare a world-wide trade war against Japan, into which other European nations and perhaps we ourselves may be drawn.

In the fourth place, if the Soviet experiment really works and so creates a high standard of living for the Russian farmers and workers, the demand for Communism will spread—and it is in fact spreading. It has already caused counterrevolutionary Fascist dictatorships in Italy and Germany; and Fascism is spreading, too. Sooner or later men may become impatient with the battle of ideas and decide that war is the quickest short cut. Already Japanese Fascism and Russian Communism are in conflict throughout China. No one knows when this conflict may break out into open warfare.

And finally the United States, for the last thirty years, has developed its industrial, farming, and banking system so rapidly and so ruthlessly as to create what amounts to an economic explosion in world affairs. Our machines, our dollars, and our food made the World War a practical business proposition. Since the war, our trade and our loans have been plastered all over Latin America. During and since the war we have placed so many loans in Europe as to cause the virtual breakdown of European credit. We were largely responsible for the financial boycott of Soviet Russia. We have tried to hold open the door for our big bankers and manufacturers in China and we have a tremendous investment in Japan.

Because the right hand at Washington has largely been ignorant of what the left hand in Wall Street has been doing, we have assumed that we were the only innocent bystander in a world populated by naughty boys. Actually, our own greedy get-rich-quick business methods helped to cause and certainly profited by the World War, and are today contributing to and expecting to profit from the next one.

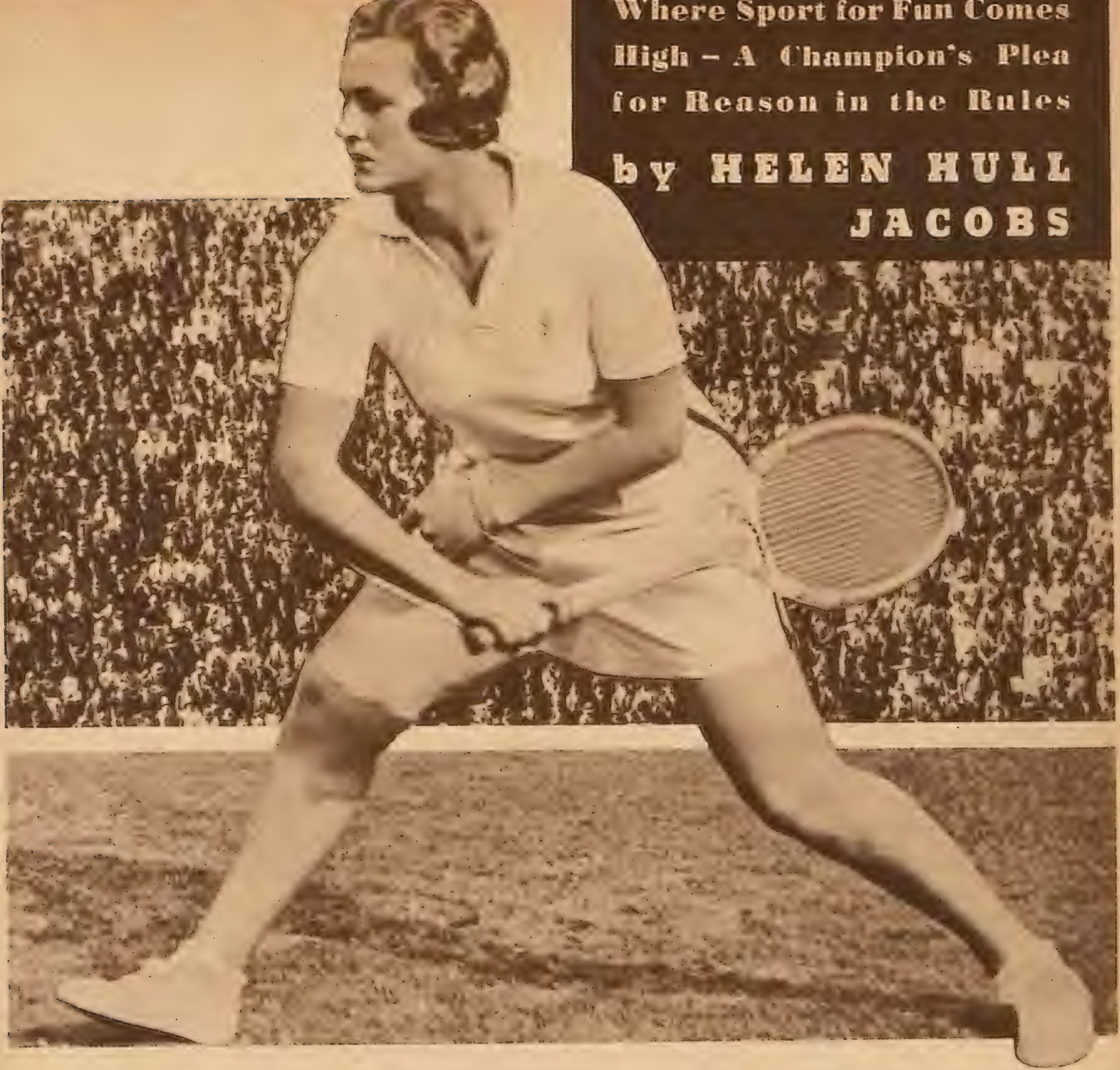
As a result, the world has started feverishly piling up its armaments. Many people pretend to regard armaments as the chief cause of war. While they do breed fear and suspicion, the wiser statesmen regard them as the symptoms rather than the cause of the disease. Men generally do fight each other from time to time. Men fight just as men drink alcohol.

Let's read the international fever chart:

The United States: Naval maneuvers in the Pacific and the Caribbean on the grand scale; a $1,500,000,000 naval building program; a root-and-branch reform of the Army Air Service; complete mechanization of the Army under the Public Works appropriation; the discovery and perfection of an entirely new method of mobilization and training through the Civilian Conservation Corps experiment; the organization of industry—just as in the war—through the NRA; the recognition of Soviet Russia on the eve of the coming world crisis; cultivation of friendship with Latin America; maintenance of the war-debt

Where Sport for Fun Comes High – A Champion's Plea for Reason in the Rules

by HELEN HULL JACOBS



What it costs to play Amateur Tennis

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

AMATEURISM. What a fine word that is! What presumptions of noble effort it conjures up! One who plays the game for pure love of it, without remuneration; with glory, perhaps, and often with disappointment. Of course one gives much in the way of physical and mental energy to the game because one knows that glory is the best that *can* await one, and it requires these things to win it.

That is the picture most of the sporting public would like to have of amateur tennis. The host of incidental considerations that never occur to the public make amateur tennis the thing it really is.

In the first place, working from the grand to the minute, there is the gate. In the 1932 final of the Men's National Singles Championship between Ellsworth Vines and Henri Cochet, close to fifteen thousand people attended the match. The seats averaged around a dollar and a half apiece. These two players, responsible for the money that went into the treasury of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, received a certain amount for their expenses. What a hue and cry is put up by certain ones of the press, and the public too, at the thought that these amateur players receive expense allowances, possibly liberal ones!

A hasty lunch....
a tasty munch...!
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THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
LIFE SAVERS
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your tummy's Life-saver

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There is one answer to that. [illegible]s there any reason why amateurs should pay to make money for any organization?

The answer of those who have done it is "no."

Those things that come under the heading of incidental considerations are, in part, clothes, laundry, masseurs, doctors, transportation, professionals' fees.

At first glimpse one is apt to feel that these items would occur in the life of any one, whether or not he played tennis. This, however, is the point:

Say our amateur player is to go abroad to start his season, and is then returning to America to play. He is going to France and England. In France the heat is apt to be unbearable or quite mild—one can never be sure which. That requires one sort of wardrobe. In England it will most certainly be cold and rainy part of the time: another sort of wardrobe. In America during July, August, and probably September it will be extremely hot: a third sort of wardrobe. This involves a large item of expense that doesn't come under the heading of any association allowance.

One has only to make a tennis tour once to understand the laundry item.

Our player makes constant use of the masseur to obviate, if possible, the doctor. He is playing in various climates. His muscles react differently in each. He is apt to take cold without the stimulating effect of massage. If he has strained any muscles, the masseur relaxes and strengthens them. Thereby the player keeps himself in good condition.

ONE year in France my doctor bills amounted to more than my expenses for the entire trip. I went down to the Riviera to play. In order to arrive on time and having missed the Blue Train, I was obliged to take a train on which there were no sleepers. I sat up all night in a compartment with four other people. We rode to the Riviera during an electrical storm. The compartment was cold and drafty and I arrived in Nice in the first stages of pleurisy and quinsy. I was foolish to do that, of course; but I was the guest of the French Federation and felt an obligation to play.

The result was one of my most unpleasant tennis experiences. I spent the entire two months of my sojourn at Nice, Cannes, Beaulieu, and Monte Carlo playing tennis spasmodically, and against the advice of my doctor, and watching the Riviera activities on the quay through the window from my bed the rest of the time.

If I hadn't been going to the south of France to play tennis, if I had been merely a visitor, I would have gone there leisurely and comfortably, and in all probability I wouldn't have taken sick and been forced to retire from the American season that year, 1930.

Another experience connected with this same Riviera episode partially explains the matter of transportation. In Cannes I stayed at a hotel quite some distance from the tennis club. A car furnished by the hotel took the players from the hotel to the club twice a day. In other words, if you played at approximately two and four you could go to the club in the hotel car a reasonable time before your match. Otherwise you would have to wait from one to two and sometimes three hours before playing. A great many players feel as I do about this. If they are obliged to watch the matches or sit in the clubhouse very long before playing, they become either nervous or bored, or both. And neither state is especially conducive to good tennis.

WHEN I realized that most of my matches in Cannes were either schedued for three o'clock or very late, around five or six, I hired a car to take me to the club. That expense was not legitimate in the opinion of the Tennis Federation, so it automatically went on my personal expense account.

If we are going to take our player through the tennis season there is one thing we must consider: his practice. During the major European tournaments, the championships of France and England, it is impossible to rely upon one's fellow players for practice. It may happen that those with whom he wishes to play are not at liberty to do so when he is; or his possible practice partner might have other matches later on, or difficult ones the next day, and not care to practice. Automatically he turns to the professional, whose fees abroad are not particularly reasonable. This can sometimes run into quite an expense.

The last time I played in the French championships I had a rather difficult draw. During the first week, which is devoted solely to doubles, I sought singles practice wherever I could find it. I felt that one of my strokes was going badly and I wanted all the practice I could get, in the hope that I could bring it into shape by the semifinal, provided I got that far.

By the end of the second week, which included the singles, my bill with the professional was almost as much as my hotel bill!

When the English Wightman Cup team comes to America it is not given an expense allowance. The manager of the team is given the expense money and he pays the players' hotel and transportation expenses. I know several players of promise in England who have said they could not afford to come to America under that arrangement, because the incidental expenses were almost as great as those more concrete ones that were taken care of by the association.

When individuals are playing for tennis championships, or teams are competing in international matches, certain psychological aspects of their participation should be respected.

It is impossible to expect players to do well whose lives, during the tennis weeks, are a dull routine. Players require diversion—the theater, the movies, or whatever amusement of that nature diverts them.

One of the English girls, in speaking to me about the team allowance, told me her "theater expenses were jolly high," but that that was the only form of entertainment she enjoyed.

It seems too bad that players of promise should be prevented from making these valuable trips simply because it is necessary for them, not to make money, but to clear all expenses.

Two years ago a controversy raged at Seabright, New Jersey, over the question of the expenses of the participants.

The controversy, broadly, involved these points:

1. The Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club announced its policy of putting the players up only so long as they were in the tournament. Thereafter they were either expected to leave or to pay their own expenses.

Acme photo

Miss Jacobs and Miss Elizabeth Ryan in the doubles finals at Wimbledon in 1932.

2. Certain of the players felt that inasmuch as they had been invited to Seabright to play in the tournament and, as they put it, to bring in a gate and entertain the spectators, they were entitled to remain till the end of the tournament at the club's expense.

Unfortunately these players went about making their demands in an irritating and coercive manner, and they were not invited to participate under any condition.

If the matter had been handled diplomatically perhaps the Seabright committee would have been able to see that the theory of the players' stand was quite logical.

Seabright is an invitational tournament. To turn the players away as soon as they have been defeated is much the same as turning a guest out of your house when he ceases to amuse you.

I have been asked times without number why, inasmuch as I write articles on tennis, I am not considered a professional. The amateur ruling states, in words to this effect, that one may write on tennis provided he does not use any title he may have or any reference to tennis on the "by-line," and that he may not write about tournaments in which he is competing.

My personal opinion, for what it is worth, is that an amateur should be considered one who neither plays for money nor teaches the game for money.

The amateur players in America are far more restricted in the matter of capitalizing their tennis ability than the European amateurs. In America one may not have any contact of a remunerative nature with sporting-goods houses, nor may he run a shop handling sporting goods or clothes.

Yet in Europe Henri Cochet has had for several years a store called Cochet Sports which deals directly in tennis equipment and attire; Jacques Brugnon has a position with Dunlop Sports Company in France; and Pat Hughes, the English Davis Cup player, has a position with the same firm in London.

As far as writing for tennis is concerned, if a player is not fairly well known his work is not in very great demand, and if he is well known every one who reads his articles knows he is the champion of the United States or of the Pacific Coast or whatever he happens to be. Therefore nothing much is gained or lost by not putting his title on the by-line.

Unless an amateur accepts reimbursement out of all proportion to his expenses, and manages to receive money for using the goods of certain sporting houses without being discovered, he cannot possibly do more than clear all his expenses; for whatever he makes is bound to go right back into the game in one way or another.

It is the opinion of a great many people that amateur players must have great love for the game to forego the opportunities professionalism offers.

I don't know how many of the amateurs I can speak for, but for myself I can say that the thought of never being able to feel again the intense excitement and thrill of the great tournaments at Wimbledon, Paris, and Forest Hills is enough to keep me for some time to come in the amateur ranks.

Another article by Miss Jacobs will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

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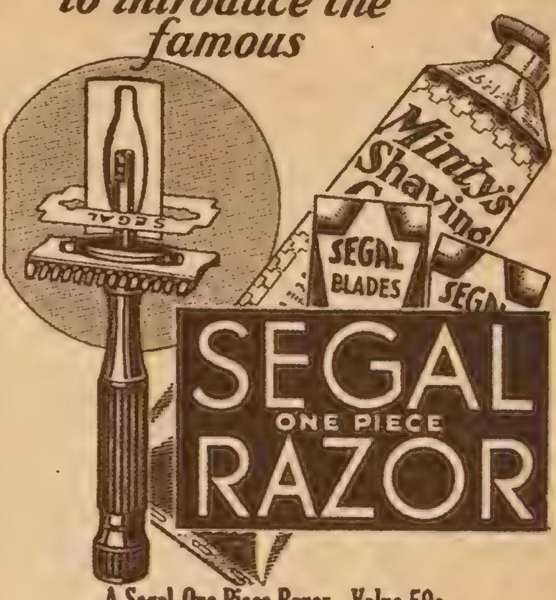

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Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY
STOPS TRAVEL NAUSEA ON YOUR VACATION TRIPS

From Hollywood . . .

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

by PRINCES

WHEN she first met the man who is now her husband, Anna Sten called him an "exploiter of the people" because he owned two automobiles. He was in fact only a hard-working Berlin business man, but Anna had just emerged from girlhood in Soviet Russia under the red flag.

In her you see all the determination, the singleness of purpose drilled into Soviet youth. Yet this talented young star combines the qualities of old Russia and new Russia to a remarkable degree, for she was trained by the Moscow Art Theater, where traditions of restraint, of grace, and of superb technique are still preserved.

Her Hollywood home is all windows, all sunlight and spacious freedom—exactly the sort of home that would appeal to any girl who has lived most of her life in a crowded Soviet dwelling. In private life she is very practical, friendly, and altogether unaffected. As Russian as she can be. Her pet dog is a genuine little *laikya* from Siberia.

And already she has taught her American cook how to prepare a completely Russian meal—from cabbage soup to tea with strawberry jam in it.

■

A FRIGHTENED slave held the basket. Egypt's queen plunged her hand deep into the fruit. She drew forth a living snake. Around her naked arm the serpent writhed—the slender asp with quick death in its fangs.

This I beheld with my own eyes. I saw Cleopatra look closely at the snake. I heard her speak.

"Darn it all!" she said. "Wrong end again!"

Some one put the snake back in the basket and they began once more.

We were on the Paramount lot, where they were shooting Cecil B. De Mille's production of Antony and Cleopatra, with Claudette Colbert as Cleo. To be sure, the fatal asp was really a harmless little garter snake, but my toes curled with horror just the same as I watched Claudette pick it up time after time, trying to catch it by the head, as required, instead of by the tail.

"She didn't like this scene at first," one of the assistant directors told me, "but she's getting used to it now."

Such are the chores of Hollywood.

ANNA STEN

■

HOLLYWOOD parties are haunted. Work is the ghost. Guests are *detained at the studio*, and even your host or hostess often turns up late. Dinners planned for seven o'clock cannot be sat down to until eight or nine. For the cooks of Hollywood this means a palpitating life, under which they bear up nobly, with results nothing short of miraculous.

Their genius brings cruel torture, in fact, to many a diet-ridden star. It takes real martyrdom to withstand some of their specialties for the sake of a slim waistline. Temptation, at the home of Director and Mrs. Henry King, comes in the form of a superseductive lobster Thermidor. Mightily overpowering are pork tenderloins grilled in honey by Caan Toon, the Chinese wizard who cooks for Director and Mrs. Richard Boleslavsky. (Next week I'll give you Toon's recipe for this famous dish.) And the heartbreaker from Addie Shulberg's kitchen is a heavenly apple strudel stuffed with almond paste.

Buffet supper on Saturday night has become the favorite type of party. Help yourself from the big spread; carry your own plate to one of the small tables where the company is of your choice. Few of the men wear evening clothes. "Worked too late at the studio," they say. "No time to change."

Yet I notice that all the girls find time for full regalia —no matter how late they work.

■

SUGAR and spice and everything nice—Hollywood is not composed exclusively of those ingredients. There are bad people too. Really bad.

One I have in mind is a woman, a mother. Her daughter gained fame as a screen ingénue. The mother saw advantage in keeping the girl always virginal, unmatronly. The girl contracted appendicitis. Through a secret pact with the surgeon, her mother arranged things so that she never can bear a child. The girl has not been told what was done. She can't understand why her two marriages have failed.

■

SOME Hollywood quickies:

Because they tinkle her to sleep, Alice Brady goes to bed with a dozen silver hearts strung on a bracelet. . . . Mack Sennett thinks Russian girls are boisterous; he warned me to *act ladylike* at a prize fight. . . . Rats build their nests in the palm trees of Hollywood, and the dogs bark at them. . . . Lionel Barrymore, coming home from work, yanks off vest and necktie as he crosses the threshold and throws them on his veranda, and rushes in to play his piano. . . . Joan Crawford fidgets with a little silver merry-go-round that she brought home from England. . . . The whispery gloom of a California fog, more mood-invoking, after the day's bright sunshine, than any London fog. . . . Director George Fitzmaurice gives his wife a great big diamond every time she has a baby. Two big diamonds so far.

... to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer, and Authority on Fashion

ANY girl, woman, or widow . . . who shall entice any man to marriage by the aid of perfumes . . . shall be subject to the same penalty as that in force against sorcery, and the marriage shall be declared void. . . ."

An English Parliament passed that law in 1770. They weren't fooling.

The only joke was in their colossal failure to make it work.

For this item of historic nonsense I am indebted to Prince Georges Matchabelli, whose interest in cosmetics is scholarly as well as mercantile. He has been telling me lots of lore about perfumes of the past.

A Count of Oxford brought the first perfume to England from Italy during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. . . . Marie Antoinette started the European vogue for violet and rose. . . . Napoleon used more perfume than any other man on record; in three months of the year 1806 he soaked up 162 bottles of eau de Cologne. . . . Dames of the Louis XVI court took baths in crushed strawberries or raspberries, washing off the fruit with fresh milk. . . . Queen Victoria liked white rose best. So did Mme. Pompadour, who spent $100,000 a year on her perfumery. . . . The last Empress of Russia preferred heliotrope.

PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

"Ladies of ancient Greece," says Prince Matchabelli, "employed different perfumes for the different parts of their bodies. They used palm oil on their cheeks, mint on arms and bosom, thyme for the neck, marjoram for hair and eyebrows. Violet elsewhere."

Perfume is religious by origin. Old pagans used it first to kill the bad smell of the sacrificial flesh they roasted on their altar fires—they thought the gods might object to the odor.

Church incense followed. Then the use of perfume became general.

Prince Matchabelli was born in Caucasia, started out to be a mining engineer, accidentally took up perfume chemistry in Berlin twenty years ago, and has been in the business ever since. He tells us we ought to use the same scent for our perfume, soap, and toilet water. By that system, he says, we permeate ourselves with an identifying pungency.

■

FROM time to time I have mentioned my interest in the American Indian. Indian history seems to me to be a pretty sound interest for any one who lives in this country. It is the hobby of some of the stanchest American business men I have met.

Now we have newly discovered evidence showing us that the American Indian was gradually deserting the west, was moving gradually east to the Atlantic, when our white invasion interrupted his natural development.

His migratory trend, we see, was exactly the opposite of ours. Coming from the east, we moved westward. The Indians tried to move eastward from the Pacific west.

Were they wiser than we are? Did they know instinctively that a life-or-death struggle between the white and yellow races must occur some day on the Pacific side? Were they trying to get as far away from it as they could get?

■

HERE'S a note from a woman reader. She says:

> My husband likes to have his head shaved in the summertime. He may feel good that way, but he looks awful. I am ashamed to go out with him. Do you think a man has any right to humiliate his wife for the sake of a little extra comfort?

Quite possibly there are two sides to the question.

A number of men have told me that they would have their heads shaved in summer if they were not afraid of what their wives would say. As it is, they put up with a great deal of hot-weather sweltering in the matter of their clothes.

For the most part, they do so to comply with silly notions of *refinement* imposed very largely by women. A woman has every right to her dignities, I think, but only to those which are not trivial.

Unless we are terribly thin-skinned, a shirt-sleeved or even a shaven-headed husband ought not to make us feel disgraced.

■

WATCH for the very handsome new postage stamps picturing our national parks—Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, Mount Rainier, Yosemite, Zion, Acadia, etc. They are soon to be ready for sale, and are ever so attractive.

■

BEST novel I've read this month is Breathe Upon These Slain, by Evelyn Scott. (Published by Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, Inc.)

■

Not from Vassar but from Paris comes the new vogue for daisy chains applied as garlands around the neckline of summer dresses.

The daisies are cut from linen, silk, or organdie, and are used, as a rule, on taffeta frocks.

Taffeta is very much the thing this season for dresses, suits, and coats.

Pathfinding for the

How the New Deal Has Revived an Old Dream and Is Making It Come True

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ONCE upon a time a dream of "cow, sow, and hen" on every farm was the goal toward which agricultural extension workers struggled. But in the South alone, a million farms are without their dairy cows. Many more farms are without bare essentials, so that even modest hopes of a multitude of rural families for self-support are still only dreams.

Today, however, elements of this dream are taking solid form under the decision of President Roosevelt to help needy families who have a thirst for the land. The help is tangible and real. It is in the form of land, mules, cows, seeds, sows, and hens. And more, there are equipment and supplies within reason—not as a gift, but as a loan which the family will be allowed to repay "in kind" with farm products and with work on community improvement projects.

There has been a great deal of sensible talk and some action under the slogan "Back to the Land." But the sharp fact meriting earnest attention is that today hundreds of thousands of families on the land are also on relief. It is not a question of their going back to land. They are there. They are also in need. Last winter, in some states, as many as 30 per cent of the rural families were receiving relief.

So it is clear that in the foreground of any program to obtain the "more abundant life" from the soil the first consideration should be for those who are already on the soil and who haven't been making a go of it.

In rural areas last winter there were six or seven hundred thousand farm families on the relief rolls—people trained to farm life, yet unable to provide even so much as their own food. The relief administrator of Leflore County, Mississippi, for instance, reported "from 250 to 300 white families wandering around trying to find a place to stop. These people had no food, little clothing, and they had been ousted from their homes. There are no vacant houses even for their temporary shelter."

These were white families. In some places Negroes are more numerous and more destitute. They have been temporarily or permanently displaced by crop reduction or by other basic changes in agriculture.

The distress of industrial unemployment has stimulated many families who originally came from the farm to return again to the country. Some of them went back to acreage and houses, but many simply squatted where they could. New log cabins have popped up like ghosts of primitive days under the hands of such families.

And in the cities many others, with more foresight, are wanting to get back to the land, but wisely are not leaving until they know where they are going.

When an idea is rounded up in its general terms in Washington to give the officials the material for working out the principles under which millions of dollars will be spent and hundreds of farm leaders will labor, the program often sounds very woolly, very indefinite, too abstract, and sometimes looks like thin fantasy.

But this program is in action and the help to the needy farm families is concrete. They can walk on the land, hear the hens cackle and the pigs grunt, stick their forks in the vegetables, and "holler" at the mule.

America's economic greatness rests heavily on its wealth of natural resources. But the translation of those potentialities into usefulness came through a human factor—the restless dissatisfaction of people with their lot

Homesteaders making split-bottom chairs a local handicraft at Zebulon, N. C. It earns them a living.

Left: Such houses as this are built in a Texas homestead community by those who are to live in them.

Pioneers of 1934

by HARRY L. HOPKINS

Federal Emergency Relief Administrator

HARRY L. HOPKINS

© Harris & Ewing

and the ingrained urge to work out, individually, an improvement in their situation. It is this impulse that we are taking into consideration now in providing the means to help the needy farm families.

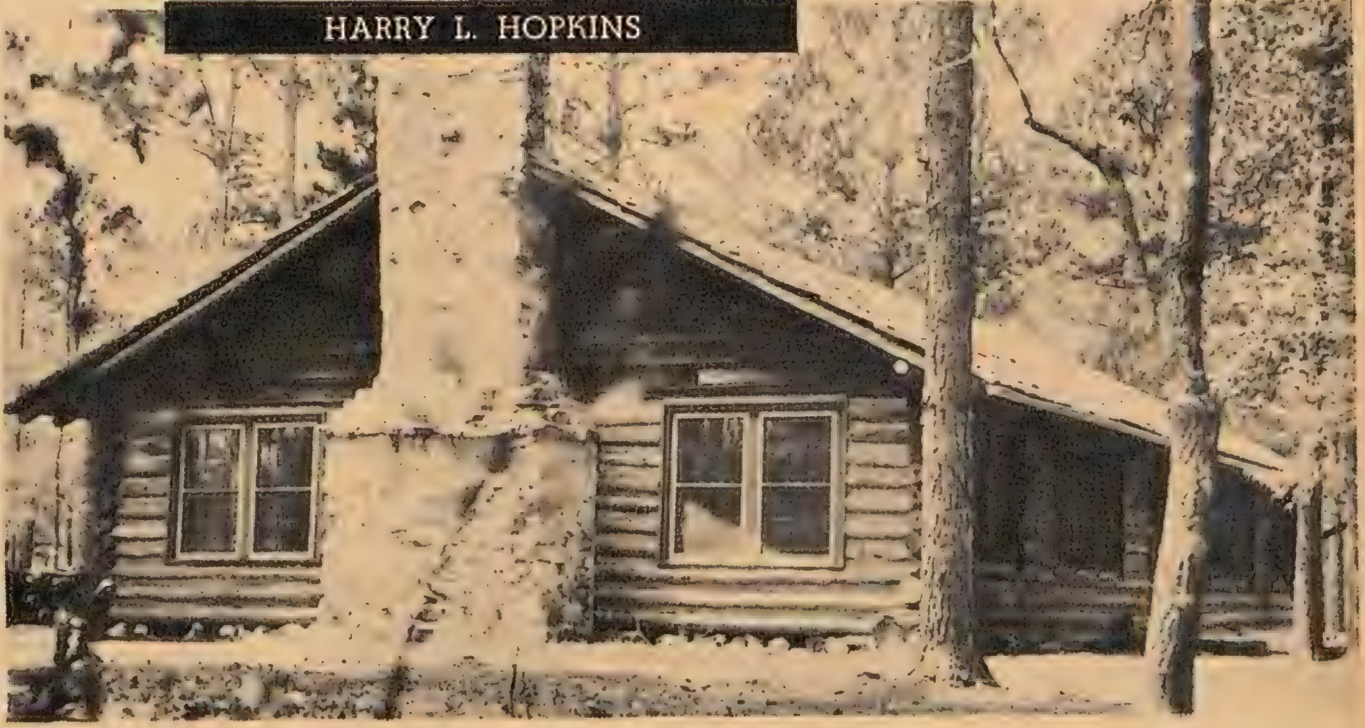
The most forceful element in the program of rural rehabilitation of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration is the amazing resourcefulness and earnestness of the families themselves.

We could work out a beautiful nation-wide program on paper with all sorts of standard specifications, rules, and regulations. I doubt very much if that kind of an arrangement would get us home. We realize that we are dealing with individuals scattered throughout the United States. Their individual capacities and backgrounds are different. The kinds of land they live on vary widely. The situations differ from state to state, from locality to locality, and from family to family.

The surest way to kill this program would be to standardize it. The average American has a tremendous amount of sagacity. Given a little help, his own wits and energy will be the real determinant for securing a firm economic status. So the help from Washington is going out in the form of dollars, some counsel with state relief administrators, and a minimum of rules and regulations.

We have no illusions about a family living on a farm and getting 100 per cent of its living from the soil in these times. We are being careful about the kind of help we give. It would be futile to expect some of the share-croppers of the South who know only one kind of agriculture and who have lived on store-bought food for generations to start out immediately on a self-sustaining basis.

Right: This community club house, built entirely of local materials, is an ornament to Woodlake, in Texas.



Below: Materials are tackled in the raw. These men are dressing pine logs to be used in construction.

Along with the rural rehabilitation must go a great deal of education and instruction; for it must be built on a firm foundation to make it stick.

I visualize hundreds of thousands of families helped all over America to better homes, producing a satisfactory living for themselves, partly from the land on which they live and the balance through part-time or seasonal employment on public projects or in small near-by industrial plants, and eventually disappearing from the relief rolls entirely.

That is what we are aiming at—to stop pouring relief money into a perpetual void and to put it into rehabilitation of self-support.

One sixth of the nation's total people are contained in five general areas where large groups of workers have been separated, perhaps permanently, from their former jobs.

There is the dry area stretching from Canada to Texas along the hundredth meridian. Normally it is too dry to be satisfactory farm land. But into this area large numbers of farmers migrated during wet periods, only to lose all they had made when the cycle of dry years once again spun upon them. Overdevelopment of the lumber industry during and immediately after the World War paved the way for another area of dead or suspended activity. Competition of oil helped to create another field of destitution among the coal miners. Yet oil itself is numbered among the prostrate industries in certain areas where shallow wells have been forced to the wall by larger and deeper pools. Finally, there is a textile area now idle because elsewhere raw material is nearer or labor less dear.

These groups are in addition to the general and permanent unemployment which cuts through all industry because men are doing 30 to 40 per cent more with the machinery which has been placed in their hands within the past fifteen years—not only in turning out more goods, but often better goods, which have to be replaced less often and thereby cuts down the demand. The tire-making industry, for instance, is burning its candle at both ends. The flat-drum process had become general in most major tire factories by 1927, resulting in a steady decrease in the number of men required to put out a given number of tires, even though the tires were of constantly improving quality. Output per man-hour has steadily increased since then, through other labor-saving inventions, with 1930 and 1931 showing greater gains than preceding years.

In other industries, inventions such as the Owens bottle-blowing machine in the glass industry, the dial telephone system, "canned music" for the movies, have been as revolutionary or even more so. But of greater importance are the smaller and more frequent changes which have been occurring in large and small plants alike, day after day, increasing the output per worker in one part of the plant, eliminating a single worker here or a group of workers there.

Out of this general cutting off of labor, and out of the special areas of distress caused by drought and the shutdown of lumber mills, mines, and oil fields, have emerged those groups of families to which the Relief Administration applies the term "stranded." They have been left high and dry.

HERE is a town of 10,000 people in Oklahoma where 45 per cent of the population has been on relief because of restricted sale of oil and the fact that initial construction in the oil field has ceased.

The end of the promotion stage in the oil industry has practically stopped the extensive building of pipe lines and plants which once gave work to groups which shifted from district to district.

Twelve iron mines which operated in a certain Minnesota town twelve years ago are now reduced to a single mine employing 190 men where the employment in 1930 was more than 1,000. In some Montana and Arizona towns 50 per cent of the population are unemployed because of the shutdown of copper mines.

In one Illinois area there are some 2,000 Negroes who were brought in for steel mills but have had little employment since 1929 and for whom there seems to be little in the future. The stone industry in certain counties of Indiana formerly gave a livelihood to 80 per cent of the population. About 97 per cent of the stone went for government buildings. Governmental policy of late has been to erect buildings from stone available in the locality; wherefore the Indiana stone industry has been curtailing its pay rolls, with little prospect for reinstatement.

Among these general and special groups are thousands of families now searching the horizon for a new light.

Each state is building its own program for returning these families to the soil, along lines approved in general by the national administration.

Two hundred million dollars have been allotted for rural rehabilitation this year by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration.

The initial activity is primarily for the benefit of families already on land but who have no means of supplying themselves with equipment, live stock, or work stock. But assistance will be given to other families from stranded communities, to aid them in securing land. Their needs will be provided if the local committee is convinced that they have the will and ability to profit by it. Guidance will be made available by skilled agricultural agents.

With the end of March the relief program was changed from a basis of relief, wherever possible, to a plan directed first of all to the family's rehabilitation. But repayment is expected for every dollar of capital stock and supplies. This, incidentally, is more expensive than direct relief, but it holds promise of eventually getting the load off the backs of our taxpayers. Families that have shown themselves able to become self-sustaining will be assisted in making land purchases or leases with purchase options.

Work projects being set up will assure one member in each rehabilitation family receiving employment sufficient to pay out the family's account with the Relief Administration, along with payments in farm products.

WORKERS' needs are considered first in planning these projects. But, within this limit, projects may be shaped toward whatever is of greatest community benefit. The building and repairing of farm homes is the most essential of these.

Farm-to-market roads, consolidated schools, community parks, together with projects to protect the health of rural America, will be prosecuted.

Many hundreds of plans for rehabilitation colonies have been heaped in the lap of the Emergency Relief Administration. A couple of dozen to date have been gleaned out as practical. The first to receive official recognition and financial aid was Rural Communities, Incorporated, in Texas.

In the first of five communities planned, Woodlake, a hundred families picked from relief rolls in Houston are now taking up a new life. Three acres provide grounds for each homestead, all in Woodlake village, where the hundred new houses were added to a couple of dozen already existent. But the village is modeled to a completely new plan.

On each homestead is a garden, an orchard, and livestock facilities. Outside the village each family has a twelve-acre tract.

The houses were built by the men who live in them, of logs, with roofs of hand-riven boards and chimneys of native stone. Now four or five rooms, they are built "so they can grow."

Woodlake has been made beautiful at less cost than it would have taken to make it ugly, by the very simple method of building it naturally of the material at hand, in the manner of the early houses of the region.

One of the first houses completed was the community club, with its stone fireplace and rough-hewn beams, its community kitchen, its stage and dressing room for homemade or imported entertainments.

There is a trading post nearing completion, where handicraft will be exchanged and other business transacted coöperatively.

What industries may spring up after our stranded families have been refloated! At Woodlake a shop has been built for making "rawhide-bottomed" chairs. It started with the work of a single pioneer member of the community. At Zebulon, North Carolina, a few years ago, seven families with a capital of $175 began making hand-fashioned split-bottom chairs of the type peculiar to their section. The craft dates back to 1750, and chairs of earlier generations are still seen around Zebulon. A new market for them was opened in New Jersey and New York through which the seven families have maintained themselves in modest comfort.

The Relief Administrations, which bought several hundred million dollars' worth of supplies last year, could, for the present, absorb the industrial as well as agricultural output of many of the colonies which are developing. Twenty-one thousand beeves were canned at nineteen community plants set up by the Texas Relief Administration last winter.

These plants not only gave employment to more than 9,000 persons otherwise unemployed, but the 3,500,000 cans of beef produced for the Relief Administration cost considerably less than if they had been bought in the open market.

Self-help groups have been recently established in some forty communities of the nation where members are exchanging their products with one another. This may forecast activities which will spontaneously develop when we bring together, in our new rural communities, men and women from varied crafts and arts who will naturally turn to those employments again in their spare time, after growing things needed for a bare living.

Communities for the stranded will hasten decentralization of large industries now located in the cities, drawing them where an abundance of part-time labor is available in more livable surroundings. There labor can live in modest comfort and security, whether industry hums or idles.

THESE communities, far from the city, can have the natural necessary conveniences of the city with none of its disadvantages—none of its rush and hurry and worry, none of its fighting for time. They can be laid out following the natural contour of the land so that no automobile can race through them. They can have natural parks and open spaces where children can play without danger, where there will be fun and laughter and clean air. In such communities men will learn again to use their minds and their simple tools in spare time to develop such local decentralized industries as might supplement the food which the land will produce.

I have before me a letter from a man exemplifying this point. He settled at Woodlake some years ago, before the Relief Administration took over the project. He writes:

> February 29, 1928, I possessed wife and three children, no home, something had to be done, and what was done is I purchased ten acres of land here and being living at home, now my assets are:
>
> Live stock and other chattels $318
> Real estate and building 2,100
>
> Have kept premiums up on $6,000 life insurance.
>
> I have a nice modern six room house mostly completed. This gain in assets can be attributed to raising the larger part of our living at home. Meats, potatoes, both kind, and can vegetables. Being a carpenter by trade, I do not farm my few acres of land to maximum production.
>
> One acre of tomatoes for market, some pure breed pigs, the rest for home consumption.
>
> I have found that there are other values to land than just the productive value; I also have now five children, all well, in school near home.

THE END

"It tastes so GOOD

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THE chocolate is so smooth and "velvety". You don't taste the faintest hint of medication—you hardly know you're taking medicine! And you wonder how anything so delicious *can* be an effective laxative!

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Bright Girl

A New Triumph for the Brilliant Author of "Bad Girl" and "Sadie McKee"—The Story of a Heroine Who Was Man-Crazy

by

VIÑA DELMAR

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

KAY BRONSON, at the age of fourteen, has gleaned a sophistication far beyond her years from her father, Clyde Bronson. This whimsically brilliant man, wealthy and retired from business, has taught her a fanciful love of nature and also an utter disdain of the society of the Mid-Western city where they live.

After his death Kay carries on this disdain. She regards love and romance merely as Nature's ballyhoo to bring the sexes together, and shows only disgust when her flighty mother marries Leonard Walters. Kay determines on a career and with Jessie Ryland, a homely girl, goes to a training college where Dr. Garrison predicts great things for her. Then suddenly, at seventeen, she marries Billy Warren.

Secretly Kay is puzzled at her infatuation for Billy. He is just a drug clerk, penniless, uneducated, and totally without ambition. His only attractions are his darkly handsome face and his strong arms, and Kay realizes that she is simply man-crazy. Her old ambition to make something of herself is revived, and after eleven months she quits Billy and goes to New York alone.

By faking her age and a reference from the pseudo Stuyvesant Franklyns, she gets a job as governess in the New York home of a Mrs. Gordon and becomes greatly attached to her four-year-old charge, Robbie Gordon. Meantime, she decides to become a writer and starts her first novel. Then Mrs. Gordon's brother, David Carson, a young surgeon, lets her witness an operation he performs and takes her secretly to the theater. She allows him to take her in his arms and kiss her later, and though she runs away, Kay realizes again that she is man-crazy.

PART FIVE — "I'M NOT A MARRYING MAN"

KAY thought it strange indeed that on the very morning after her rendezvous with Dr. Carson she should receive a letter from Billy. He had written once before while she had been at the Hotel Castle. The first letter had been a long document in which he had heaped abuse and insult on the dressmaker's daughter, had sworn his devotion to his runaway wife, and had most humbly begged her to return. Kay had not answered the letter.

The second was less humble and less devoted. Evidently Billy was beginning to enjoy the cottage and the roadster. He said that he wanted her to come back, but his tone now was that of a man who merely expresses his preferences while perfectly contented with an alternative. He had so risen in his own estimation since his first letter that he scolded her for not having answered, though he had stated in it that he did not deserve to ever hear from her. His purpose in writing, he said, was to find out what she intended to do. Was she ever coming back? He demanded an answer.

Kay was amused. Obviously Billy had plans. It would be unkind to stand in the way of their materializing. She wrote to him, saying in part:

"I am never coming back. Let her move in. I won't disturb either of you."

Perhaps sometime soon he would ask for a divorce. On second thought it seemed unlikely, however. In a skirmish he would lose the cottage, and he wouldn't like going back to Mrs. Hill's boarding house.

Mama had written two letters and in neither had she mentioned Billy. He was keeping away from the Walters' house. Mama mentioned nothing that might possibly interest Kay. She did not even say how the great Dane was doing. She wasted pages and pages of her elegant note paper on Leonard's health, thoughts, and activities. Kay wondered how Mama could possibly imagine that Leonard made interesting news. Two letters in four months. Mama was so absorbed in Leonard it was marvelous that she had found time to write at all.

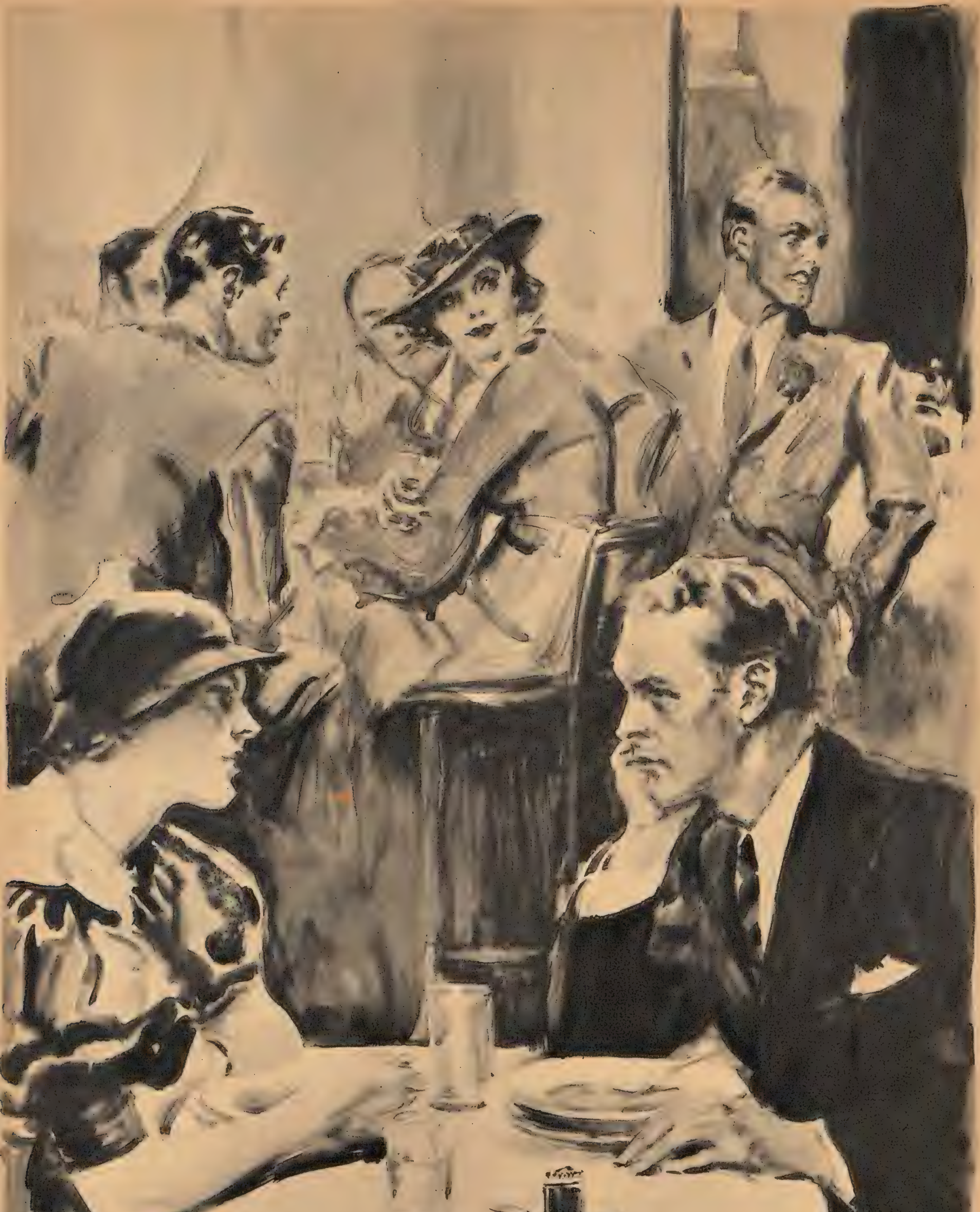
Kay thought that Daddy would have written every day, but she brushed the thought aside, for had Daddy lived, she would not be away from him. She would not have married Billy. Or would she have? Billy would have been just as handsome and desirable had Daddy lived. She would have still wanted him. Only there would have been a difference. She would have been ashamed to show Billy to Daddy. Daddy would have seen at once the vulgarity of Billy's mind and soul, and it would have been the same as saying to Daddy, "I care for nothing you ever taught me. All I want is a good-looking man." Daddy would have been dismayed to find the coarse physical streak in her. He would never have understood how she could believe simultaneously in the kisses of a lout like Billy and the enduring beauty of the shining silver city their fancies had built together. He wouldn't have understood the physical side of her. But wouldn't he? Suddenly Kay remembered that Daddy had married Mama, and it couldn't have been her intellect which had trapped him. No, it had been Mama's beauty, and when he was tired of that he could not run away, for then there was a baby and he was caught forever.

But she had been able to run away. She had run from Billy when he wearied her. And now there was another man—or soon would be. Kay knew. Dr. Carson would follow up the advantage he had gained. She would listen. It was in the cards that she would listen to those time-worn pleas until they sounded new and fresh and convincing. She could run again, but running was useless. There would be other men to whom she would listen. There were other Billys. It would be stupid to run.

So she held her ground, and for days Dr. Carson walked in and out of the nursery, romping with his nephew, laughing with him, and saying nothing to Kay save his familiar "Good evening, Miss Bronson."

She liked him for that. She would have been disgusted if he had furthered his pursuit of her in Robbie's nursery. There would be no harm in a friendly word or a warm smile. Robbie would understand nothing of its significance, but it pleased Kay that Dr. Carson respected Robbie's little kingdom. In there she was Robbie's servant, and nothing must take her attention from her master.

Even as she admired Dr. Carson for his ability to draw



He sat in the speakeasy looking at her. David knew Kay now. "Are you going to divorce him?" he asked. "Some day, perhaps."

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a straight line between Kay and Miss Bronson, she thought to herself, "He has had practice. He has taught many a nurse that David exists only outside the hospital and that Dr. Carson stands for no familiarity."

On the following Wednesday she received a typewritten letter in the morning mail. It read:

> I've had no chance to speak to you. Will you have dinner with me tomorrow evening? Please be at the corner of Ninety-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue at seven thirty. I'll pick you up there. I can't bear it if you disappoint me.

She didn't disappoint him. She was pretty certain that he would bear up under the blow if she didn't appear. It would do him good to be slightly disappointed, but she was not fool enough to hurt herself just for the doubtful pleasure of hurting him. And besides, she admitted to herself, she wanted to be with him again.

Kay was on time, but Dr. Carson's car was already waiting.

"I knew you'd come," he said. Then added hastily, "Oh, I didn't mean to sound conceited. I only meant that I wanted you so, I couldn't face being turned down."

"I'm glad you asked me. I hadn't another blessed thing to do."

"Then I can't be snooty about having captured you for the evening, can I? Would you have come with me if you had had another possibility?"

"Yes, I think so."

HE sighed relievedly. "Thank God for a girl who isn't coy."

Kay laughed. "My honesty will be my undoing."

They went to an elaborate speakeasy for dinner. A speakeasy so elaborate that it had deep crimson carpets, a wide spiral staircase, and was known as a club with a most exclusive list. Many of the people were in evening clothes, but a few were not, and Kay's smart fur-trimmed suit was quite in order.

"Nice place. I've never been here before," David said, looking about him.

"You had a card to get in."

"It's Dr. Sterling's card. His wife is a big moneyed playgirl around town. They have cards to everything."

The waiter appeared.

"Cocktail?" David asked.

"Um-hum."

"What kind?"

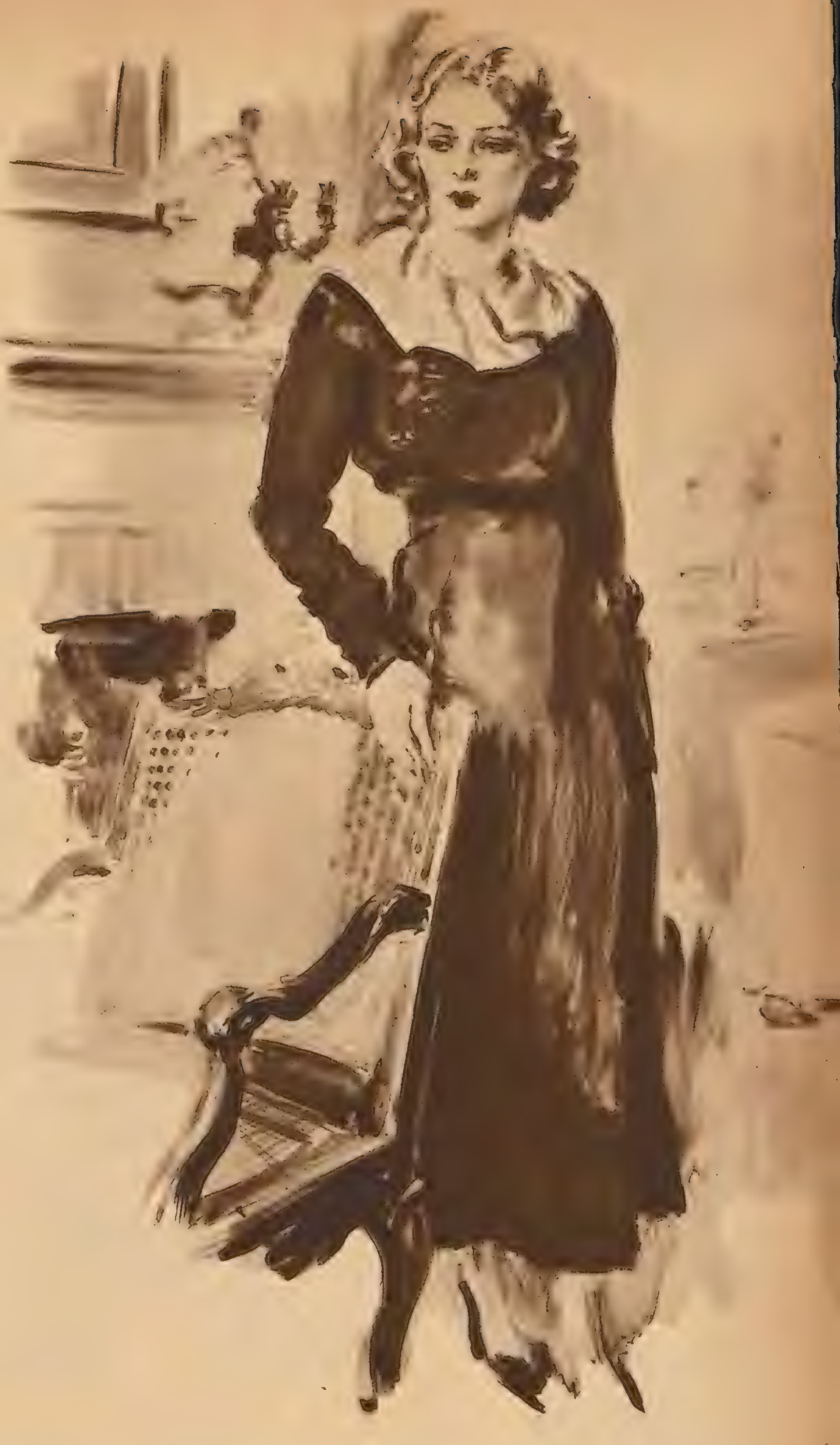
"Martini."

"Two Martinis."

The waiter disappeared.

"And what do you want to eat?"

"You order for me," Kay said.



"But I like that Bronson girl. I trusted her.

David became alarmed. "Order for you? Why, I don't know what you like to eat or anything!"

"You could ask me. I'm sitting right here. As an idea occurs to you, you could say, 'How does that sound?'"

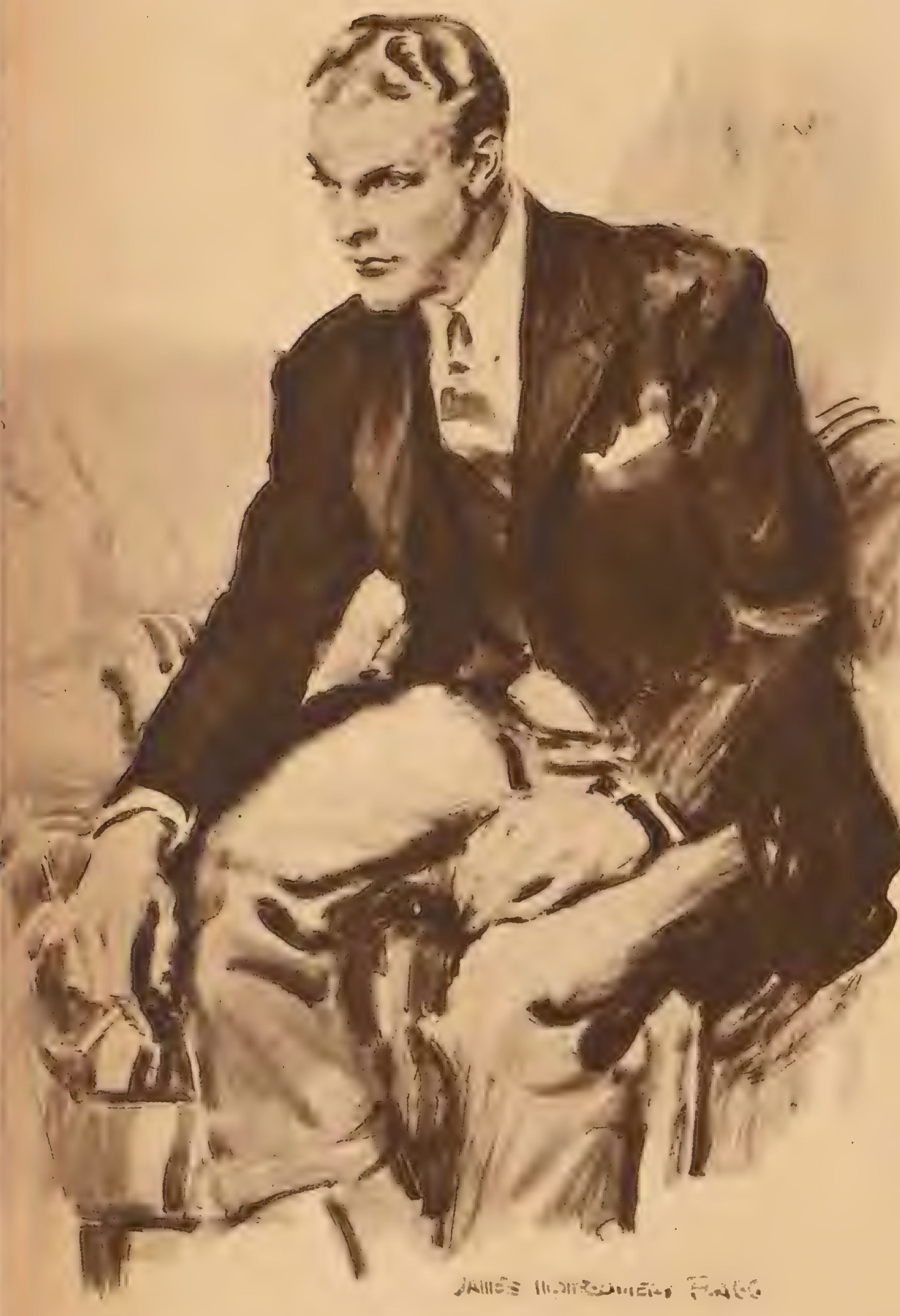
Both she and David were very funny. He was so graceful with a scalpel in his hand and such an oaf when the scalpel was replaced by a menu card. She was amused at herself because now, since he had kissed her, she no longer feared him as Mrs. Gordon's brother. She addressed him as boldly as she pleased and was not concerned lest he resent her attitude. That was a woman for you, Kay thought to herself. No wonder men distrusted women in business. They could not kiss and then talk about something else as they had originally planned. The something else must now be colored by the fact that there had been a kiss.

David was studying the menu scowlingly. "There are so many things."

"Mention some."

"Well, do you like steak?"

She laughed and took the menu card from him. "Look. It goes this way." She glanced around to make certain that the waiter was out of earshot. "Now I'm Dr. David Carson and you're Kay Bronson. 'Shall we have oysters, Kay? And a light soup to follow? Consommé, I think.



David said, " Don't begrudge her any happiness."

Then, let me see. How about squab? Squab, asparagus with bordelaise, and iced lettuce hearts. Oh, do you care for potatoes? I never touch them, but if you— No? Well, then I guess we've decided. Shall we have Burgundy with that? " She smiled across at him. " You see it's very simple."

He smiled back at her. " Is that the persuasive method you use on Robbie? "

" Yes. It's better than the others. I could tell you that if you didn't order properly, red-eyed men would carry you away, but that would only frighten you."

" Not as much as if you threatened to pass me up next Thursday."

She said, " You are very sweet."

The waiter came, took the order, and departed.

David said, " Now tell me something about you."

" What? "

" Anything. I've thought about you every waking moment all week long, and when I went to sleep I dreamed about you. I must know more to dream and think about."

" Well, I'm a girl from the Middle West named Kelvin Bronson. I'm a governess and I'm free, white, and twenty-one."

" Who are you trying to fool? "

" What do you mean? I am white, truly I am."

" But not twenty-one."

" A lady may lie about her age if she chooses."

" I'd say you weren't nineteen yet."

" To whom would you say it? "

" Not Mrs. Gordon."

" All right, then. I'll be nineteen in two months."

" And you started governessing three years ago? "

" Look here, have I the job or are you interviewing me for it? "

" You have the job. All I want is data."

" I'm a good governess."

" A fine governess. I'll give you a reference any time you want one."

" Oh, thank you, but I think Mrs. Gordon will do that."

" It's worth more signed by a doctor."

THE waiter arrived with the oysters. When he had gone David said, " Tell me more about you."

But she told him no more just then. She was frightened by her own eagerness to talk about herself. It was better to talk of other things, for she might regret her confidences at another time.

He was aware of the deftness with which she swept the conversation away from her own door. He did not balk her efforts but quietly accepted the topic which she offered him. He looked at her and wondered what it was that she was wary of uncovering, and he looked at her and wondered that so much beauty could be happy in the service of a small child who was a stranger.

He took her out again after that night. Six times. They dined and went to the theater. Each time he kissed her and let her slip away from him. But there was a seventh time.

Sitting together in a more intimate speakeasy than the one they had visited on Dr. Sterling's pass card, Kay had talked to David of herself. They sat in a loud smoky room. The piano played brashly and a drunk at the next table sobbed because he could have been a world's champion if he hadn't been such a fool.

Kay thought, " The world will end soon, for we've all gone mad. I sit here with strangers so close to me that I can touch them, hearing noises strident enough to break my eardrums, and in this place I calmly sit telling the story of my life. And it doesn't seem funny to do so. That's what makes it fantastic."

She told her story without adjectives. She had a mother and a stepfather and a home in the Middle West. Dr. Carson was free to fill in the details for himself. If he saw a modest frame house and a hard-working middle-aged couple, it couldn't be helped. She said her father died when she was fourteen. That was all she said of her father. That was all she wanted to say. She said that she had studied for a time to be a school-teacher. But she hadn't finished her course. She had become acquainted with a drug clerk and had married him. They had gone to live in a cottage together. He had been unfaithful and she had left him. That was her story.

"Did you love him?"

"No. I was just terribly attracted to him."

"Why?"

"He was good-looking."

He could not guess from the way she told her story that there was anything unusual about Kay Bronson marrying a drug clerk. From the conclusions which he had drawn about her home and family a drug clerk fitted in the picture. Unconsciously he had visioned Kay's childhood the same as his own, merely translating it into Middle-Western terms of living. A small frame house instead of a top-floor flat. A farm instead of a factory. A poor young girl struggling to better herself instead of a poor young man who wanted to be a doctor.

As he sat in the speakeasy looking at her, David was able to draw a surprisingly accurate likeness of Billy. Good-looking, stupid, and egotistical. She had married him because he made love with a dashing recklessness and had made her want him. David knew Kay now.

"Are you going to divorce him?" he asked.

"Some day perhaps. Staying married to him at least holds me to only one mistake."

"You don't figure me a mistake, then?"

"No. Why should I?"

He had no answer to give to her directness. He floundered. "I don't exactly know, but girls sometimes, you know, they feel—"

She laughed. "You mean that I lack all maidenly reserve, doctor? That I barge quite willingly into sin and afterward lack the decency to be repentant or ashamed?"

"No, but you're a rarity. You puzzle me. You don't pretend to regret anything. You offer no alibis and make no effort to explain anything away."

"Could I if I tried?"

"Yes. I think you could convince me of anything. At the moment anyway."

"You don't promise enduring faith, I notice."

"I don't promise anything."

"That's good. Neither do I."

"People who promise eternal love, faith, and obedience are crazy. How can they know what is to come? For instance, when you married, you didn't know your husband would cheat."

"Yes, I did."

"Well, then you had no business leaving him when he did what you expected."

"I didn't leave him because he was unfaithful. I left him because he bored me."

"I see. And some day I shall bore you."

"It's very likely that you will."

HE said, "I'm not a drug clerk."

"No, and you're not an intellectual giant either. You're a good surgeon, but I doubt that you know much else."

"And what do you know?"

"Quite a little, and I shall learn more and more as the years go on. Some day I shall be a brilliant woman."

"And you will shudder lest somebody check back and discover that you married a drug clerk and were somewhat interested in a poor ignorant surgeon because he was— By the way, why *are* you interested in me?"

"You're good-looking, too."

"Oh, I see. It must be a merry life just drifting around picking out good-looking people."

"You ought to know."

"I picked you for more than your looks. I'm mad about you."

"Are you? You're sweet, David."

"And all you can say to me is that I'm good-looking."

"No, I said you were sweet."

"I want you to care for me, Kay."

"I do. Haven't I proven to you by now that I do?"

"Like you did for the drug clerk?"

"Like I've cared for nobody else."

"Thank you. You overwhelm me."

"Well, what do you want me to say? David, let's be honest. I could say that I adore you and that I dream about you and that life couldn't go on without you. But what's the use? You wouldn't believe me. I think about you when I'm not thinking about Robbie. I like you better than anybody else alive, including my mother. I'd do more for you than any one in the world, except a boy named Robbie Gordon, and he is certainly no rival of yours. I won't say I'm in love with you because I don't know what that means and I doubt that you do."

"I know what love means."

"Well, tell me, then."

"It's a wonderful sensation that makes you happy and sad all at once. You want to sing and run and scream. You want—"

"OH, bunk! That's just good health you're talking about. Good health and high animal spirits. I never heard such nonsense, and from a doctor!"

"A doctor's human."

"Certainly, and therefore at certain times he wants certain women. You needn't put on an act for me, David Carson. And I'll tell you about love. It's a word that we had to have so that people could go on living without being embarrassed. There are certain products that we'd never go shopping for, you know, if the manufacturers hadn't coined special names for them. Nature is as smart. She can coin a name, too."

"You're a depressing little monster."

"And you're a fool if you think that love is a spiritual emotion."

"Well, we won't call it love, then, since the word causes so much discussion and argument. Only I want you; I'd do anything for you, and I can think of nobody else."

"There, now, that's better. Except that there's quite a lot of things you wouldn't do for me if it came right down to it, and if you're honest you'll admit that you think of a great many other people besides me."

"That leaves nothing except that I want you."

"It's the only truth, David, and you know it."

He said gloomily, "I'm going to have another drink."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Gordon suspected that any intimacy existed between Kay and David. Nobody would have suspected it. Never once did they falter in their unspoken resolution to preserve strict decorum within the apartment.

David's absence on Thursday evenings went unmarked. He was absent many other evenings for which he never accounted to his sister. She asked no questions, for long ago she had been taught that David would stand for no prying into his affairs.

Almost every evening that the Gordons were to be at home Kay applied for permission to go out. Carefully she would tuck Robbie into bed, open his windows, and fly to meet David.

Several times Mrs. Gordon said anxiously to her husband, "I think Miss Bronson has a boy friend." The idea worried her. To lose Miss Bronson would be a calamity.

Mr. Gordon would shake his head when his wife spoke in this fashion. "You can't keep a pretty girl like that forever, you know."

Kay's writing career had met a perilous setback with the advent of David Carson. There were so many nights when she was free to go with him. She knew that she should refuse sometimes and stay at home to work on the story, but she liked to be with him. She even enjoyed the nights when she sat in his car alone while he visited a patient. She knew she was being weak and self-indulgent, and she vowed that next time it would be different, but somehow it never was.

On the evenings that the Gordons were out there was little time for writing. There was Robbie's health diary to bring up to date. The diary was important. It had uncovered the fact that chocolate disagreed with him and that strawberries caused a rash to appear on his skin. It had proven, too, beyond a doubt that Dr. Carson was right about cod-liver-oil emulsion and wrong about the little raccoon coat. The coat was cute and Robbie looked adorable in it, but it had caused overheating and a bad cold, just as she had expected.

There were other things to do on her evenings at home. Her clothes to look after and now and then a letter to Mama that must be written and books that must be read if one was to keep up. The time went so quickly that Kay felt as though she had been bewitched and had thus lost all sense of passing days.

She wanted to give up writing letters to Mama or to at least reduce their numbers. Mama had written three times in seven months, yet Kay experienced a feeling of guilt if she let two weeks pass without sending a message home. To give up writing to Mama meant losing touch with the place where Daddy had lived and died. So she went on writing home, and lying about the busy office in which she did some vague but inspiring work.

Billy never wrote to her after the letter in which he had demanded to know her plans for the future. Perhaps he'd never write again. He had not sent a Christmas card. Mama had sent a lovely one with a shining holly wreath on it and a hearty wish for a merry Yuletide from Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Walters, all faultlessly engraved. She had sent a gift, too: a dozen pairs of stockings, which were received with due appreciation for their expensive sheerness. Jimmy Kerr sent a Christmas greeting. Kay was touched when she thought of him crossing over to Mama's house through the gate in the lilac row to ask her address.

It had been a nice Christmas. The Gordons had given her handkerchiefs and a lovely satin nightgown, for which, no doubt, some shop would one day sue them. David had given perfume, and Martha a coat hanger which she personally had covered in purple velvet for Kay.

Kay had sent Mama nothing. Mama could buy what she wanted and was not one to value a gift for its sentimental associations. For the same reason she had skipped Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, but she had bought Robbie a dozen different little toys which only she knew he desired. David gave him a bull puppy for Christmas, so his father and mother and his governess might have saved their money for all the attention their gifts received.

KAY bought David a bill fold. She had noticed he had a shabby one.

"You shouldn't have bought me anything, Kay. I got so many things from poor misguided patients who think I've done something for them."

"I know I shouldn't have, but I wanted to."

Sometimes Kay dreamed a shining dream that was too painfully beautiful. It brought tears to her eyes. The dream had a name. It was called If Things Had Been Different. The dream was about Daddy and David. She saw herself bringing David to the house and presenting him to Daddy. You wouldn't be ashamed of David. You could even say you were going to marry him without flinching. And Daddy would be proud to say, "Kay is going to marry David Carson. He's a very clever young surgeon and a fine person." But the dream was quite properly only a dream, for if it were a reality it would set a person mad with joy.

Daddy was dead and David wasn't a marrying man. But David would have felt differently about her had they met back home. He would have been impressed and humbled by the Bronsons and their possessions. It was the way of the world that the boy from east Harlem must always be impressed by silver and crystal. He would forget that he was not a marrying man and worry only lest his proposal seem ridiculous. And perhaps if Daddy had lived it would have seemed so. But when she thought that, she was forgetting that he was handsome and that she was Kay.

IT was spring so soon that Kay grew frightened. The time slipped from you and you had accomplished nothing for yourself. True, she had done much for Robbie and she was proud that she had, but her book, her own life—what about her plans?

In the summery nights she looked up at the stars and thought of her wedding eve and Jimmy Kerr. She thought that it was two years ago that she had married Billy, and fright returned to her. Life was short. She was nineteen. That was very young. But if years slipped away as these two had, you were young for only a brief moment.

Why did people build large sturdy houses with thick walls and heavy beams. Didn't they know it was silly? The walls and the beams must laugh as they were placed to the liking of Mr. John Jones. He acted as though it were an important matter how his home was built. Didn't he know he was only going to stay a little while?

Some of her thoughts Kay told to David. He was amused.

"Nineteen, and talking like that!"

"All right. Nineteen is young. I know it is; but time flies. Life is short, David."

"Oh, really, now, you're not going to try to pass that off as a discovery, are you?"

"I've just discovered the truth of it. I'm frightened. I've been in New York a year. I must accomplish something."

"What?"

"I must finish the book I started to write."

"Why?"

"Because something inside of me keeps goading me on to make something of myself."

"And then I'll lose you."

"Why should you?"

"Because you'll meet other people. I'll lose you to the next attractive man you encounter."

"Don't say that."

"I was joking. Why take it so seriously?"

"Because you sound as though you thought I were man-crazy."

"No, I'm just conceited enough to believe you're rather discriminating and difficult to please. I wouldn't be normal if I didn't picture you as having made a special ruling for me, due to my irresistible charm and forcefulness."

She did not bother to tell him that he represented her first fall from grace. Or at least technically speaking her first fall from grace, as all respectable people would regard her marriage as a sanctified business entirely lacking in sin.

Kay had her own opinions about that. And she did not think that David should be forced into applauding her strength of character for waiting till he came along, because, after all, nobody had happened to come along ahead of him.

He could think what he chose to think. It was best that way.

Perhaps Kay's words on the subject of the fleeting years struck David more forcibly than he admitted. Or perhaps all along he had been thinking that he would like to make a few changes.

When he spoke, she was so taken aback that for a time she could think of nothing to say. During her silence he had elaborated on his plan.

"You wouldn't have to do anything then but work on your book. Honestly, dear, I get awfully tired of never being able to phone you or speak to you when I feel like it. In a place of your own we could do as we pleased. And we'd be so much happier."

IF she had answered him then, their love affair would have been finished forever, for quite unexpectedly she found herself tense with a sudden white-hot rage. It was a lady's whim and privilege to give herself to whom she chose, but no grinning upstart out of the slums of east Harlem should dare to offer to pay her way. She held her teeth tightly together so that she would not tell him what she thought.

"You're going to be important some day, Kay. You're marked for the top places, I think. When those days come, you will have forgotten me, and I don't want you to go till I've really had you to myself."

Still she did not dare to answer.

"Kay, I'm not making you a proposition. I can't afford to. Hell, I haven't got the money to make the splurge some people can. I'm not offering you a grand apartment and a car and charge accounts. I wouldn't do it if I could. I'm never going to be the big open-hearted type. I've had to work too hard. I want you to take a little apartment where you can write and where I can call when you want to see me. I'll finance it till you've hit your stride, but it's yours, and some day you'll pay me for it. How would you like to do that?"

"I can write where I am."

"Your days aren't free."

"What would become of Robbie?"

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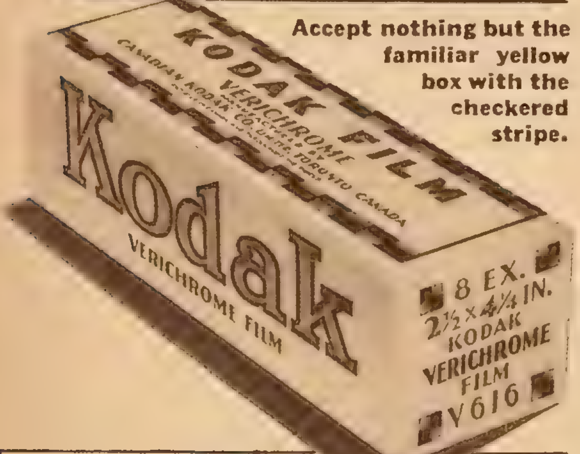

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"I know a splendid girl who's tired of the hospital."

A pang of jealousy shot through Kay. "Some nurses aren't very bright," she said.

"This one's all right. Honestly she is. Do you think I'd trust Robbie with any one who wasn't?"

"Oh, David, I'd feel so guilty leaving him for you. And I'd never see him again."

"Why not? You could visit him. You could pretend you'd changed your job."

"Do you suppose that I'd let Robbie think that I preferred any other child to him?"

David laughed. "He's a real serious rival, I see."

"He's no rival. There's no competition between you two. Robbie won over you long ago. I love that child, David."

"Of course. So do I. He's an angel. But he'd get the same care. I'd see to that. Besides, you can't stay with him forever, you know. You can visit him. We'll fix up some story, and you could work on your book, and we'd be together more often."

"Well, I'll think about it."

Back in her little room at the Gordons' she thought about it as she had promised. Leaving Robbie was the only unpleasant angle. Her rage against David had disappeared. The snob in her slumbered for the time being, and besides, it was to be her apartment and some day she would pay David for it. She really could work on her book there. All day long she would be alone and there would be nothing to do but write and think. David had said that she could not stay with Robbie forever. He was right.

She must get to doing the things she had been born to do. Some day perhaps she would see plainly that David had been put in her way as a stepping-stone to the peace and security one needs in writing.

It frightened her a little to think of leaving the Gordons. She was established there. However, if David proved disagreeable or presumptuous under the new arrangements she could manage.

For days she carried the problem in her mind. Then she went to Mrs. Gordon and gave notice of her intention to leave.

Mrs. Gordon was grieved but not surprised.

"I'll stay till you have some one else," Kay promised.

"Oh, honestly, I did so hope you'd stay till Robbie was grown. Will more money tempt you?"

Kay shook her head and did not mention that it had often been difficult to get her present salary from Mr. Gordon.

"Have you got another job?"

"No, I'm going to be married."

"Oh, well, I suppose you're sure you've picked a good man, but nowadays a good job is better, Miss Bronson."

"I hope you'll let me visit Robbie."

"Sure. Sure. Any time at all. Oh, honestly, I feel like I'd just lost my sister or something."

SHE was somewhat consoled when, after telling her brother of her impending loss, he promised to inquire around the hospital and see what could be done.

"Wouldn't you like to have a real nurse tending Robbie?" he asked her.

"Yes, but I like that Bronson girl. I trusted her. I hope her husband walks out on her and she has to come back for her job."

David said, "Don't begrudge her any happiness. She loves your child and would do anything for him."

"But she's leaving him."

"Some day you would discharge her."

"Me? Discharge Miss Bronson?"

"Certainly. Robbie will grow too large to need a governess."

"I'd keep her five more years anyhow."

David sighed. "I doubt that any one could keep her five more years," he said.

Dr. Carson has predicted that Kay is going to be important some day. And jealously he protested that he didn't want her to become famous until he has really had her for himself. Next week's installment of this fascinating serial will unfold the initial results of this secret love alliance.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 30

1—The ℞ stands for "recipe," in Latin meaning "take."

2—Itinerant minstrels of the Middle Ages.

3—Cobourg, Canada, in 1869.

4—Art that is fantastic or grotesque.

5—The offspring of a quadroon and a white person.

6—About 866,300 miles.

7—About 55,000,000.

8—The summit of Mount Irazú in Costa Rica.

9—The former is a lover of England; the latter a hater.

10—Lawn tennis.

11—Albert Edward, later King Edward VII.

12—$25,000.

13—The first compression refrigerating machine was invented by Jacob Perkins, 1834.

14—In the Aleutian group, south of Alaska.

15—It is one cubic meter or 1,000 liters.

16—A distinguished newspaperman, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

17—Copper and tin, with sometimes small proportions of other elements.

18—Benjamin West.

19—Every ten years.

20—Austin, Texas, is the southernmost and Olympia, Washington, the northernmost.

"Try and get this snapshot back"

He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY

Tom Holloway

It's LIMERICK TIME again!

$250

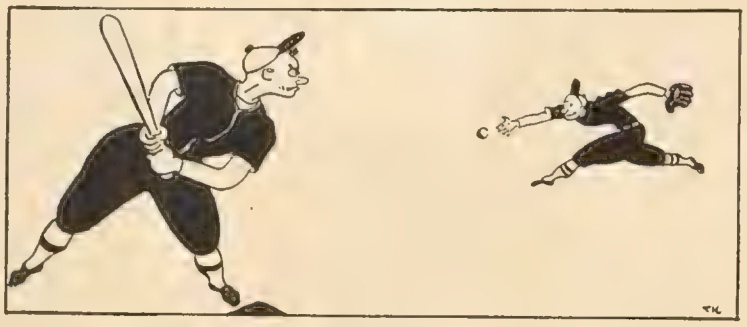
IN CASH FOR THE BEST LAST LINES

IT'S Limerick Time again! And as usual Liberty celebrates the season with a cash prize offer for the best last lines each week. Your chance to win one of the awards is excellent. All you need do is to read the unfinished Limerick, write your own last line for it, and then suggest a first line for a new Limerick.

Do this on the dotted lines supplied for the purpose, or make a copy on your own paper. Tricky or ornate entries are not required. The Limerick's the thing!

There are sixty-four cash awards ranging from $50 down to $2. Any of them are well worth while prizes for simply writing a Limerick last line. It should not take you five minutes, and that's not much time to invest. If you spend five minutes and win $2, that's at the rate of forty cents a minute—good pay under any code! Better get in on this now.

Here's the Limerick. It's up to you!



The batter, his eye full of hate,
Stood poised with the bat at the plate.
While the pitcher with verve
Threw a sharp-breaking curve

....
(You write the last line)

Write a first line for a new Limerick in the space below

....

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight June 30. This gives every one ample time to enter. Results will be published in about seven weeks.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$50
SECOND PRIZE	25
THIRD PRIZE	15
FOURTH PRIZE	10
TEN PRIZES, EACH $5	50
FIFTY PRIZES, EACH $2	100
TOTAL PRIZE MONEY	$250

THE RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write your own last line to complete the Limerick. Then write a first line for a new Limerick. Send your entry to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You may copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many entries each week as you wish. However, no contestant can win more than one prize in any one week.

For the best last line for the contest Limerick, accompanied by the best suggested first line for a new Limerick, $50 will be paid; for the next best, $25; for the third, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the ten next best, $5 each; and for the fifty next best, $2 each. Any one, anywhere, may compete, with the exception of employees of Liberty and their families.

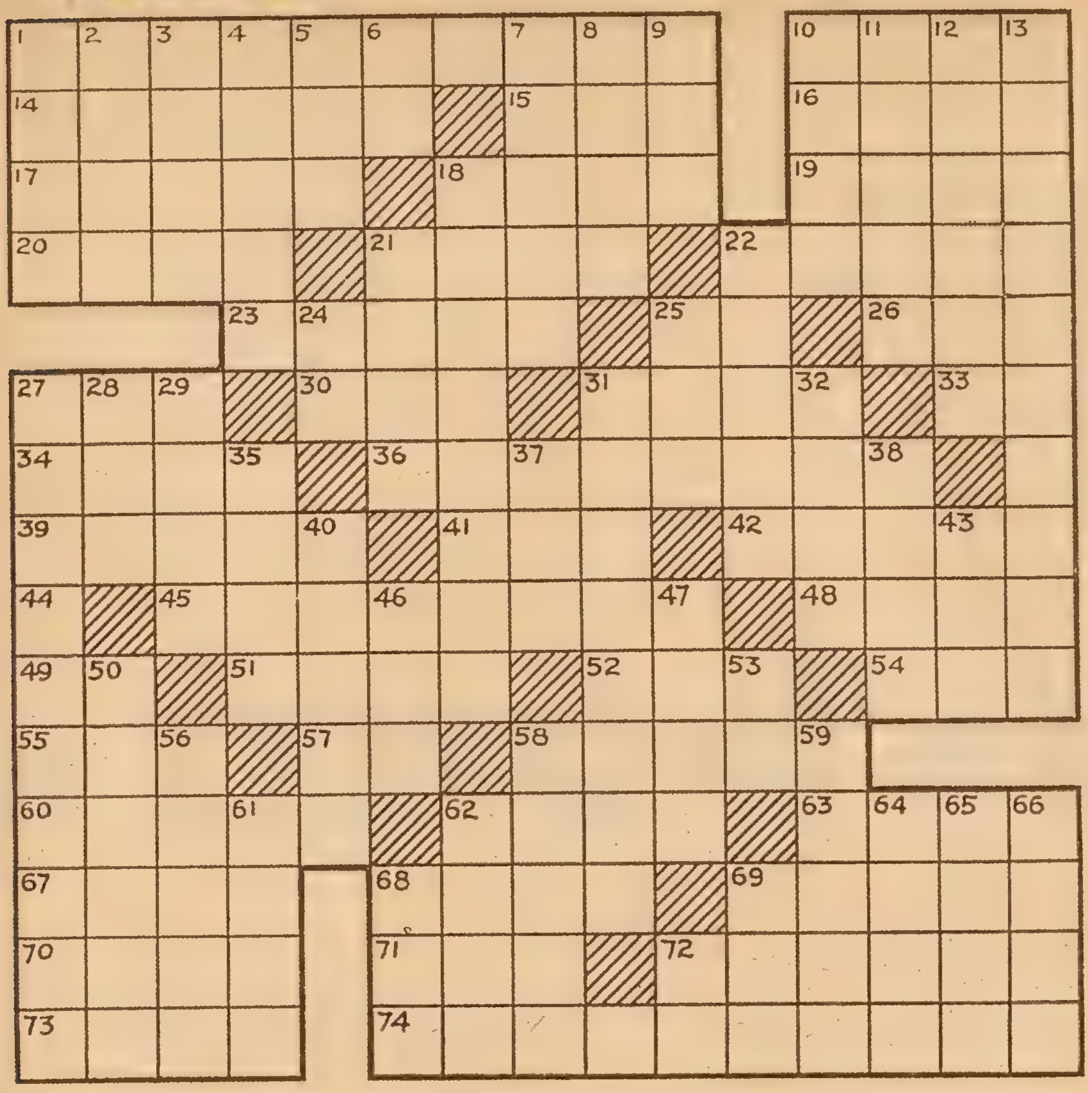
ANOTHER $250 UNFINISHED LIMERICK NEXT WEEK!

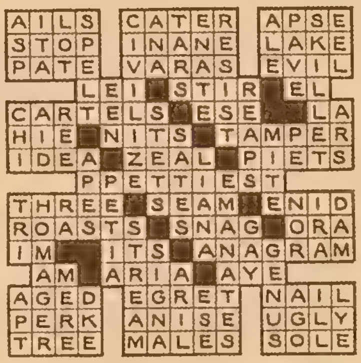
6/30/34

Cockeyed Cross Words

Puzzle

By Ted Shane #2





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AILS CATER APSE
STOP INANE LAKE
PATE VARAS EVIL
   LEI■STIR■EL
CARTELS■ESE■■LA
HIE■NITS■TAMPER
IDEA■ZEAL■PIETS
   PPETTIEST
THREE■SEAM■ENID
ROASTS■SNAG■ORA
IM■■ITS■ANAGRAM
 AM■ARIA■AYE
AGED EGRET NAIL
PERK ANISE UGLY
TREE MALES SOLE
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 A June bug
10 Gracie Allen says what this country needs is a good five-cent this
14 In your overcoat it's dry; when it's in your stomach it's wet
15 This always gets lit before cooking
16 A heavenly hat
17 Popped a question
18 The first floating Pullman for animals (plural)
19 Preposition
20 This man doesn't necessarily get hitched at the wedding ceremony
21 Poetic exercises
22 Feeds kitty
23 What a Scotchman does on a rainy day
25 There's a piece missing from this egg
26 Iron container
27 Replenished the inner man
30 What bad little boys grow up to be
31 Gracie Allen says they ought to have a good five-cent this too
33 Suffering valedictorians (abbr.)
34 The wooden man of Europe—he's quite magnetic
36 Snore vents
39 What you play with a kitty at night
41 The guy who looks like Mike
42 Girl's name
45 If you're doing this, you're due for a big turnover in the near future
48 To throw out
49 Girls named Ethel start out like this
51 What old people resort to in Europe (plural)
52 He had a hack of a time driving this
54 Theatrical Egg-throwing Society (abbr.)
55 Brother's menace
57 The end of Salem and the beginning of empire
58 These were hard for everybody last year, but they're picking up again, thank you!
60 That wealthy flower
62 What she slipped on after her bath
63 Fleur de Limburger
67 Employer
68 These are full of chops and rolls and usually in an unsettled condition
69 Dwell
70 He gives out tips in the theater
71 You have to have an awful lot of pull to get along with this
72 Men believe in these
73 It's hard to lay your hands on these nowadays
74 President Roosevelt's monopoly

VERTICAL

1 Shoot off the mouth
2 What young aviators are almost certain to do in the world
3 Blotting materials
4 Women are always getting on and off these
5 That's all there is—there isn't any more
6 A couple of initial letters gotten from good girls
7 Big eaters
8 These have shady pasts and futures, and always get nutty in the fall
9 What editors eat up (abbr.)
10 The unfunny bone. Have you ever been kicked on it?
11 A piece of poetry
12 What a tailor does for a little change
13 Whose shoes lie under the bed at 1200 Pennsylvania Avenue every night?
18 Nose plugs
21 A place you can send the kneady
22 A collegiate farmer (slang)
24 Hitler is the Great I this
25 This is always a washout with Willie
27 Baloney
28 They knocked the I out of this tool here
29 These wear their teeth prominently
31 Copies
32 A singer of rather low songs
35 The last word in comic strips (plural)
37 This led to his downfall last winter
38 The kind of mouth some like on a woman
40 Succulenter
43 More east than south (abbr.)
46 A nag's mother
47 A bachelor is fair this to all women
50 This is tearable
53 Exist
56 The kind of ribbons iron horses are wearing out this summer
58 She got crowned with this before she went to the royal ball
59 Unlit
61 Skids a little
62 An eye drop a woman uses to conquer a man
64 A Frenchman's exclamation
65 These are usually against you at the race track
66 Park the bones
68 Turn on the water works
69 This is hung in a gallery
72 Canadian Northwest (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

It Hones!
It Strops!

A "MASTER BARBER" EDGE EVERY DAY!

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"—AND NOW I'M GOING TO COLLEGE at home"

"All through high school I planned on a college course. It was one of the real ambitions of my life. But present-day conditions blasted my hopes. I. C. S. filled the bill!"

This is one of many similar letters I. C. S. have received in recent months. The only capital stock a man needs is a willingness to utilize his spare time!

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Explain fully about your course in the subject marked X:
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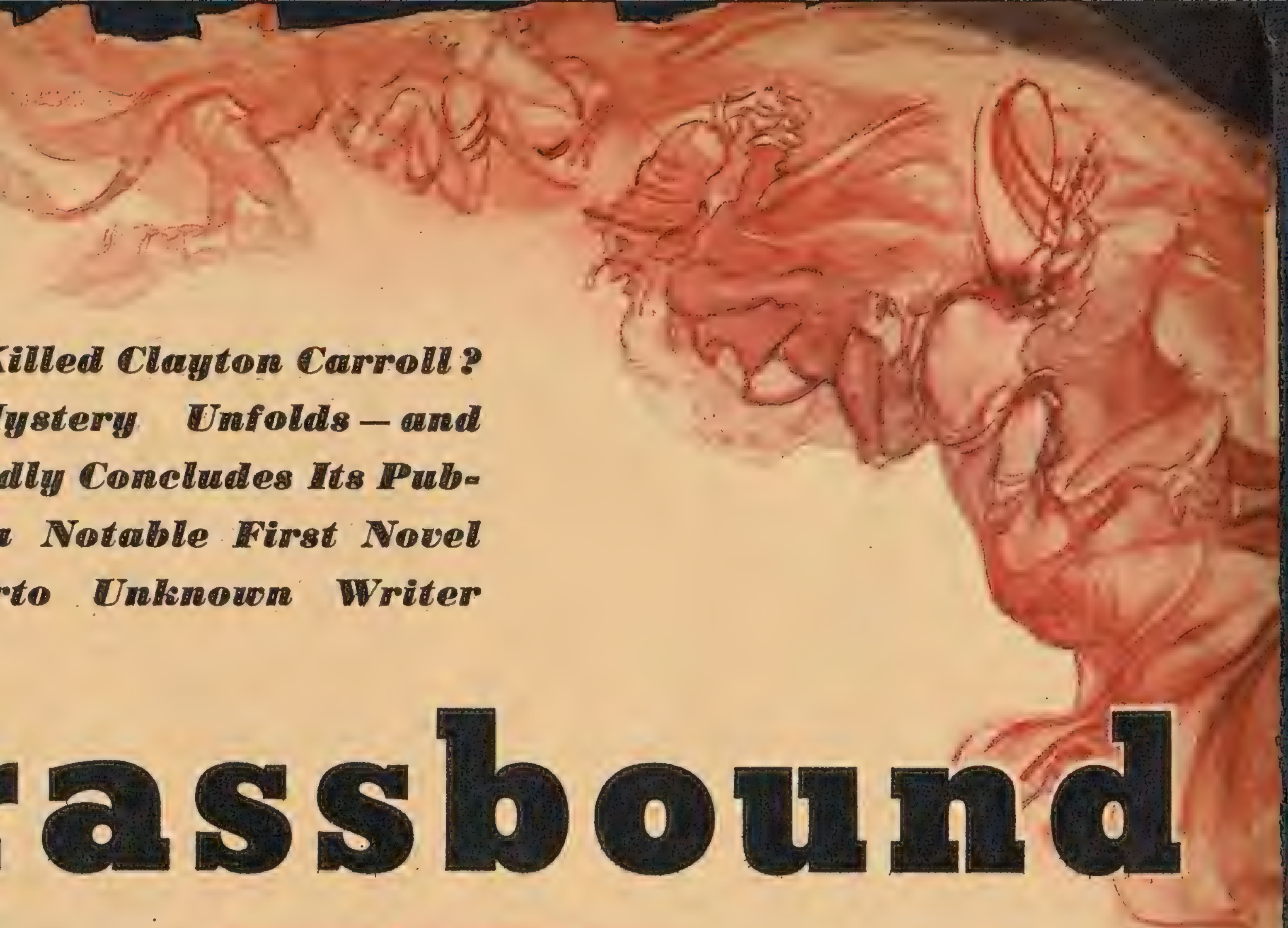

Who Killed Clayton Carroll? Now the Mystery Unfolds—and Liberty Proudly Concludes Its Publication of a Notable First Novel by a Hitherto Unknown Writer

Brassbound

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—"THEY DONE IT FER YOU!"

LINDA sank wearily into the chair in Joe Barnard's office. The jury had retired and were deliberating. She fell to shivering; her eyelids seemed weighted down. How cold she was! Her fingers were like ice. Would it be hours or minutes that she would have to endure this suspense? Or days? She had heard of juries that never did agree; and then the torture would have to start all over again.

Amy had been with her a moment ago, but she had gone out now, to bring something for her to eat.

She thought of the judge's charge to the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury: The time has come when you must weigh the evidence that has been put before you . . ."

(Oh, Uncle Dan, how cold you were! Like ice. Have you forgotten me?)

Presently, if they did not reach a verdict soon, she would go home, into the darkened room where Aunt Rilla was lying, and sit down beside the bed, her hot forehead against that timid loving hand.

There, perhaps, she would find peace. A restless, temporary peace.

What was Mr. Barnard saying to her? Words of comfort, of encouragement—trying to keep up her courage, she knew; but in spite of her gratitude she could not listen. She felt sorry for him, because she could see that it was an effort for him to talk, that he too was under a strain.

"Don't worry about me, Mr. Barnard. I'm not afraid."

There was a knock at the door and he sprang up, glad of an excuse for action. Linda leaned back and closed her eyes, thankful to be alone even for a moment.

When her counsel came back he was walking very slowly and his face was grave. A piece of white paper fluttered in his hand. His eyes were on her doubtfully.

"What is it?"

He bent over her and she met his troubled eyes. "Miss Stuart, this has nothing to do with the verdict—it's a note that has just come; and although it will be a very grievous shock to you I know that you are brave, and I think in a way it will comfort you—perhaps help to prepare you for whatever your fate may be."

She took the paper and stared at it. At first the words were meaningless, and then her mind and eyes focused and she read:

Dear Miss Stuart:

Your aunt has just passed away, very peacefully. The last thing she said was, "Tell Linda to be brave. I know she is innocent."

I thought you ought to know at once. The doctor thought so too.

Respectfully,
ANNA COMSTOCK.

Anna Comstock was the nurse.

Linda looked up and the lawyer's face swam before eyes dull with misery. Quietly, without a word, she crumpled up on the floor.

When she came to, she was lying on the couch and Amy was kneeling beside her with a glass of water held to her lips. Though it seemed now as if the trial had happened a long time ago, they assured her that she had been unconscious for only a short time and that the jury was still out. They had been deliberating for an hour and forty minutes. Joe Barnard, hovering near her feet, joined Amy in speaking consolingly about her loss.

Linda lay looking at the bit of sky beyond the window. It was bitter not to have been with Aunt Rilla when she died, bitter to think that perhaps her death had been caused by this dreadful business. And then, to comfort her, came the thought—as Joe Barnard had predicted—that if she should be convicted Aunt Rilla would not be there to hear the verdict, that she had passed beyond where such a thing could touch her.

"Amy, everything's gone now that I had to live for," she reflected. And then she turned her eyes away and to herself made the correction, "No, not everything."

She closed her eyes and they left her alone, thinking she was asleep. She was dreaming now, of sun-soaked fields with periwinkles and daisies bobbing their heads when the breeze caught them. Her child was laughing

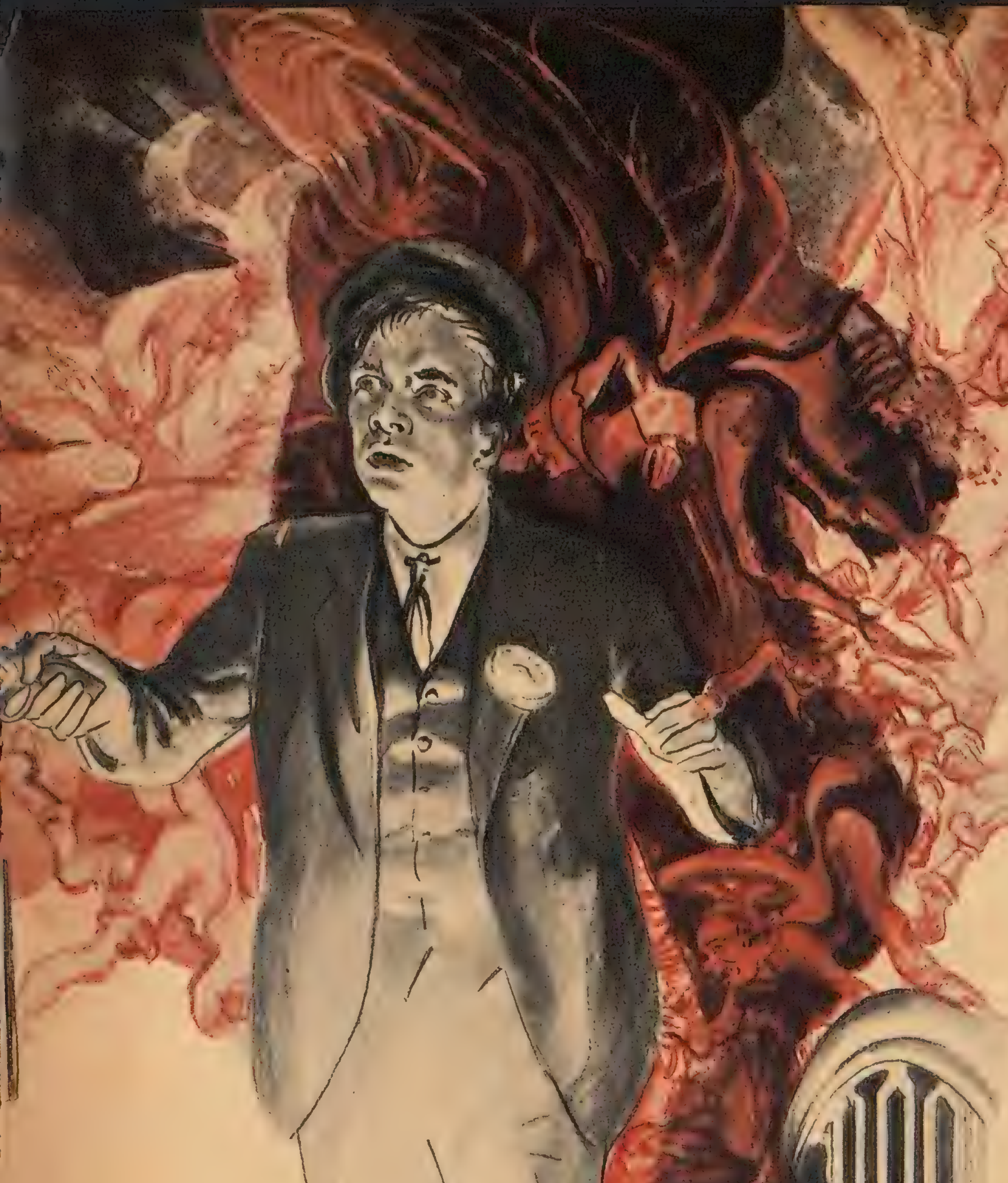

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

> "I called the fairies to me! An' they all come troopin' from every which-way—like a swarm o' bees—till I had about a million, I guess. I told 'em what I wanted, an' we all crept up the stairs."

by MARY BICKEL

up at her, and at some one beside her, and she looked without surprise to find that Scott was smiling at them.

Tall and hard, with his shirt open at the throat, and his legs in corduroy and high boots. Her fingers stirred beside her, feeling his lean cheek under her hand, his lips pressed to her finger tips.

She was smiling peacefully when they came to her again. "It's time to go now," Amy whispered. "The jury have reached a verdict."

She helped Linda to smooth out her dress and straighten her hair. Then the ride back to the courthouse; staring blindly at the familiar streets, trying to realize that she might see them no more.

IN the courtroom people were moving about in a mist. Everywhere were solemn faces, and there was a great deal of whispering—about what, Linda had only the vaguest notion. After all, it was fairly simple. She was either guilty or not guilty. Then her mind went blank and for a moment she was a child again, wondering how she had got into this room. Had she asked Uncle Dan to let her visit court? No. Uncle Dan had forgotten her. And besides, that cold remote being in the somber draperies coming in from his chambers was not Uncle Dan. It looked like Uncle Dan but it was some one else.

Even his voice was different. Like cold steel: "Let there be no demonstration in the courtroom."

Then Linda's head cleared and she looked at the jury;

at each one curiously, as if she saw him for the first time. How white their faces were, and how clumsy and uncomfortable they looked, like earnest, conscientious children who had been intrusted to look after a dangerous piece of machinery.

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" Linda thought wearily. "Hurry and say I'm guilty and then go home to your farms and your shops and your jobs. Hurry! Just get it over with."

There were words, legal-sounding phrases, and then: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?"

The foreman rose and answered sepulchrally, "We have."

And then, still in that strange voice that was not Uncle Dan's, the remote being above her said:

"Prisoner, look upon the jury. Jury, look upon the prisoner."

They stared dumbly at Linda and she looked back at them—tranquilly now, beyond pain or fear.

"Foreman, how do you find as to Ethelinda Stuart? Guilty or not guilty?"

Through the window, breaking rudely into the breathless hush that followed, came the sudden rending scream of a brake forcibly applied. People winced involuntarily, unconscious of what they had heard. The voice of the foreman spoke again—cold, deliberate.

Outside on the courthouse steps a man had jumped out of a taxi, thrust a bill into the hand of the driver, and left him gaping stupidly. A moment later, in the corridor, he had located the door he wanted by the cluster of people surrounding it.

Within the courtroom the foreman had answered that fateful question; and the silence that followed his words was so intense that the clock over the door babbled blatantly. People sat as if they had lost the power to move. Linda half rose and then sank down again, with Joe Barnard leaning over her solicitously. She put out a hand and, clinging to his arm, stood up uncertainly. At that, as if she had touched off some spring, the courtroom came to life. A murmur ran through it, rising in volume like the approach of an enormous wave. Sighs. Nose blowings. The stretching of limbs.

BUT Linda Stuart's trial was not yet over.

As suddenly as it had surged up the wave receded. Again there was a pregnant silence. Again, as when Willie Collins had risen in his place, the crowd turned with one accord, conscious of a disturbance in the back of the room. Below the clock the door had swung savagely wide, defying the guards' attempts to close it. And in the doorway, swaying a little, haggard and disheveled, stood Scott Barclay.

The courtroom gasped, only half seated and twisting about in their places, their necks craned to see.

Wrenching himself with a jerk from the restraining hands laid on him, Barclay strode down the aisle, thrusting them aside.

"May it please the Court!" His voice rang out imperiously. "May it please the Court! I have something to say!"

With his gavel upraised and ready to strike, Judge Townsend paused and regarded the intruder from under formidable brows.

"For seven days I've been traveling to give myself up! Here I am. I'm the man you're looking for—I killed Clayton Carroll!"

The judge's face relaxed slightly; there came over it an inscrutable expression—one would almost have said a look of triumph or relief.

They stared back at each other and it was as if they were communing in a secret language of their own. But at once the frantic urgency returned to Scott's manner, so that at last Judge Townsend appeared to consider the meaning of his words.

He laid down his gavel and said, with a mildness that astounded the courtroom:

"Young man, do you realize what you are saying? How can that be—that you murdered Clayton Carroll? You were in Germany when he died."

AT the human, almost affectionate kindliness of his tone the audience stared, wondering. Where was the stern upholder of virtue, the relentless stickler for the majesty of the law? Why was this fellow not ordered seized—a confessed criminal?

"No, no!" Scott insisted. "I killed him before I went away. I stayed here, in hiding, so that I could carry out my purpose! I hated Clay Carroll! I had always hated him!"

While the crowd fluttered over this new sensation he hurried on desperately: "I had planned to kill him for months. He stood between me and the woman I loved. Don't you see? I hated him!"

Linda's hands clutched her throat. She was shivering with a strange joy. Only dimly conscious of what he was saying, she called out in a loud voice: "Scott—Scott! Don't listen to him, Uncle Dan! He didn't do it. I did it! I did it!"

But no one looked at her. Scott did not so much as turn his head. And Linda realized then, with a dull wonder, that she had not uttered a sound. All that frenzy was only in her own soul.

Scott was continuing rapidly, insistently, telling over and over how and why he had killed Clayton Carroll.

In the midst of the rushing words Judge Townsend raised his hand and held it aloft until Scott faltered and stopped. And then, very gravely, the judge addressed the courtroom:

"You all have heard this young man's noble effort to save the life of the defendant. At least, that is the only possible construction which can be put on what he says. Lest there exist any doubt in the minds of any whether this man is telling the truth or not, I feel that it is proper to tell you, before this goes any further, that I know, of my own knowledge, that it was physically impossible for Scott Barclay to have murdered Clayton Carroll."

INTERCEPTED PASS

By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fifteenth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

ONE type of traffic chiseler usually poses as an expert in the fine art of passing, but, as often happens in football, he sometimes finds his forward pass is intercepted. He is always in a great hurry and for some strange reason cannot stand the sight of a car running ahead of him.

Passing in traffic is a good deal like passing in poker. The passer thinks he is sitting pretty but later developments may prove otherwise.

When, in passing, another motorist suddenly looms up ahead coming your way, you both may be "headin' for the last round-up."

For purposes of a good resounding crash, let us suppose that two cars going 45 miles an hour meet head on. In such a collision each driver is practically assured of an injury based on a 90-mile speed, or, in other words, the combined rate at which the two cars are coming together.

The extra time taken to pass safely is time well spent. No matter how rushed you are, you can't lose anything by giving up a few seconds for safety.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

Deliberately he drew from his breast pocket a sheaf of papers from which he selected one.

"I have here a letter which I received recently from an old friend of mine in Vienna—some of you remember him, perhaps: Judge Mannheim—a letter dated September 25." Adjusting his glasses on his nose, he read: "'Last night I met at the opera a young man of our acquaintance, the nephew of an old school friend of ours—Scott Barclay. He is a charming person and full of ideas for a book he is about to write.'" He looked up and spoke with grave impressiveness. "You will recall, gentlemen, that Clayton Carroll died the morning of September 28, just three days after this letter was written."

He folded up the letter and his calm, unrebuking gaze returned to Scott. He spoke very gently now. "Besides, I must tell you that you can no longer do Linda Stuart any service by trying to shoulder the blame. It is too late for that."

The last vestige of color drained from Scott's face and his eyes filled with horror. The hand with which he steadied himself, clutching the rail, grew white about the knuckles.

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

And the judge replied quietly, "I mean the prisoner has just been acquitted."

So intense was Scott's relief that his whole figure slumped. He looked tragically tired. He turned, shaken and confused; and his eyes went searching at last for Linda.

Ten minutes later, in the judge's cool and austere office, he was holding her in his arms and saying, with a laugh that was more like a groan, "Oh, darling, what an ass I was! Such an everlasting fool I made of myself. And you didn't even need me! They knew you were innocent all the time!"

. . . . .

AUNT RILLA'S funeral was very quiet, although her friends and neighbors turned out *en masse*, driven by a fierce curiosity to see Linda at close range—to see if, by watching sharply, they could surprise some sign by which she would betray, when off guard, whether or not she was indeed as innocent as the jury had concluded. About her hovered still the shadow of the electric chair.

Almost they seemed to look for blood on her hands. And Linda felt it and shivered.

But on the surface all was discreet. Most of them appeared uncertain whether their manner should convey subdued grief for Aunt Rilla or elated congratulations over the verdict. In consequence they were awkward and cautious, watching with a furtive eye the behavior of every one else, as an uneasy guest will watch the hostess for the selection of a fork or spoon.

Amy, who had been sleeping in the house with Linda since the acquittal, found her alone in the pantry replenishing the sandwich plates. "They don't know whether to say 'Thank

"All day long we're on our FEET ...and we've got to have some fun AT NIGHT"

"Girls working in department stores have to keep their feet in good condition. So many of them have discovered the scientific Blue-Jay method!" says Miss Frances Hayward, of Marshall Field & Co.'s beautiful 6th floor dress department.

● To be friendly and courteous at all times is part of the daily job of the girls in this great institution. To be courteous at all times should be the job of everybody in every walk of life—but it's hard to be friendly when your feet hurt, when you have a bad corn!

Which you wouldn't have, by the way, if you knew Blue-Jay—the scientific, safe corn remover. Blue-Jay stops the ache and pain instantly it is applied—you walk in barefoot comfort—and in 3 days the corn is gone.

Invented by a famous scientist, Blue-Jay is made for you by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house, 35c *at all druggists—special sizes for bunions and calluses.*

USE THIS SAFE, SCIENTIFIC METHOD

1. Soak foot for ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over the corn.
3. After three days, the corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn. (Old, tough corns may need a second application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action.)

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS:

a is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.
b is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.
c is adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

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BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

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"For Better Feet"—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. For free copy, address Bauer & Black Limited. 6 Spadina Avenue, Toronto. (*Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage.*)

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RHEUMATISM GOT HIM

80-years-old Pianist is Relieved by Kruschen

Although old age has not yet kept this man from his occupation as a pianist, rheumatism did threaten to do so recently.

"Two years ago," he writes, "I was suddenly taken with rheumatism, all down my left arm. I tried many things—all to no purpose. I then commenced taking a half-teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning, and soon felt benefit. My arm, which was painful and nearly useless, to my astonishment is now, after a few weeks' treatment, quite better. I am more than pleased, as I am a pianist, and playing made matters worse. I am just entering my 80th year, and am in good health."—G. L. A.

The six mineral salts of Kruschen have a direct effect upon the whole bloodstream, neutralizing uric acid, which is the recognised cause of rheumatism. They also restore the eliminating organs to proper working order, and so prevent constipation, thereby checking the further formation of uric acid and other body poisons which undermine the health.

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God' or 'You poor thing'!" she said scornfully.

"I think that's a little the way I feel myself," Linda acknowledged with a half laugh. "Only now I'm so tired I don't seem to feel anything." Her manner changed to a deep emotion as she rubbed her cheek on Amy's shoulder. "Except love—for you and poor Aunt Rilla and Uncle Dan—and Scott." Then she resumed in a practical voice, "Did I tell you that we're asking Uncle Dan to marry us immediately?"

"No! When, Linda?"

"Next week. No wedding, but we want you there, of course. Oh, Amy, just think!" Again her voice trembled. "I can go away and never, never need to see Maplewood again! And with Scott!"

She hurried back to her guests. "Won't you have a sandwich, Mrs. Bennett? Thank you so much for your lovely flowers. . . . Yes, she looks beautiful, doesn't she? So happy—so peaceful. . . .

"No, I won't be staying here. I couldn't bear it without Aunt Rilla. I'm going to close up the house. You see—" (she took a long breath; she might as well tell them, they'd know it soon enough anyway)—"Mr. Barclay and I are going to be married."

She could feel their avid eyes on her, hear their sharp indrawn breath. As she moved away she saw them gathering into corners to whisper: "So! She *was* in love with him all the time! I'm not a bit surprised. . . ." "Marrying? So soon? It's not respectful to the dead. Well, all I have to say is—"

But the speaker always had more to say, much more, and went on saying it. And others chimed in, until, seeing Linda approach, their voices lowered—or would rise, brightly, on a different subject.

And always beside Linda was Scott, standing between her and the world, fortifying her with his courteous indifference to its opinions.

AT last it was over. The guests were out of the house, the chairs had been taken away, and Minnie had washed up and gone home. Even Amy had departed, to return at bedtime. There was no one left now but Scott and Judge Townsend. Linda sank limply on to the sofa in the parlor and Scott spread a cover over her with tender fingers.

"You rest a while, darling. The judge and I will go into the garden for a smoke before he goes." He and the judge were old friends by this time. Linda smiled at the two men whom she loved best in the world.

The judge was beaming. Delightfully, he had become Uncle Dan again. "Your young man here has just been asking me to marry you two next week. Does that meet with your approval?"

"What do *you* think?" Linda murmured, smiling.

"I think it does," the judge conceded with a laugh.

"I've been urging him to take a vacation and come abroad with us, Linda. Wouldn't that be fine?"

"Why don't you?" Linda exclaimed, delighted.

"A chaperon? On a honeymoon?" Linda blushed. "No, my dears; I hope my long life has taught me better than that. Next year, perhaps. By the way, I nearly forgot to tell you. Here is something interesting. It seems they've just found a codicil to Clay's will, Linda, providing that in case you marry any one else after Clay's death you inherit nothing at all from him!"

Scott exclaimed in a low voice of scorn, "How like him! Even in death he wanted to hold her—"

WITH quizzical eyes on Linda the judge suggested, "Perhaps that will alter your plans about marrying this fellow?"

Linda merely turned her head on the pillow and closing her eyes said faintly, "Did you really think I would have touched his money?"

"Methinks the case is dismissed," smiled Scott, and the judge added, "Of course there'll be little enough left after his debts are paid, anyway."

"Exactly! That's why I don't insist on Linda living with me in sin!" retorted Scott, grinning. "But, seriously, we don't need money, judge. You see, we'll sell this house and Aunt Sue's little place—"

The judge nodded absently. He strolled to the window and looked out with brooding, troubled eyes. "You know, there was something strange, something even abnormal about Clay from the beginning," he mused. "A kind of cruelty. A thirst for power. But not a man, I thought, who would ever admit failure in himself. And for that very reason"—he turned and shot a keen glance at Linda—"not the sort of man who would commit suicide. Did he seem that kind to you, Linda?"

His eyes were full on Linda now—piercing, alert. She stared at him, feeling a little sick. She said, "No; it doesn't seem possible, Uncle Dan. I can't imagine—"

Bitterness crept into her voice, she read his doubts so well; and she fell silent, but returned his gaze steadily.

As if satisfied, he drew a breath of relief. "Well, you go to sleep, my dear. We'll have a smoke and a chat and be back presently."

Linda turned her face to the wall, saying to herself, "He suspects me! He isn't sure! Oh God, this has been a dreadful thing! Is it going to follow me all my life?"

In the garden Scott turned on him angrily. "You don't really believe—"

The judge took his arm and the two walked several paces down the path before he replied with grave earnestness: "Don't you see, I had to do it—on purpose! For her own peace of mind we must make it easy for her to confess. It is possible perhaps—even for her—to *tell* a lie, but never to *live* one. That would destroy her. If she's guilty she'll tell you—and tell you soon. Never try to stop her, my boy. Let her confess. Let her get the burden off her heart."

"But she's not guilty!" Scott insisted doggedly.

The judge merely looked at him quietly. "There is no use in your trying to deceive me, Barclay. It was because you thought she was guilty that you rushed across the ocean to take the blame. I know it. I read it in your eyes."

After a moment Scott said, "Yes. That is true." He went on: "I was sitting at a sidewalk café in Berlin, watching the people, absorbing impressions, I suppose, for my novel of postwar Germany. The man at the next table was reading an American newspaper and I glanced at it idly, thinking how long it had been since I had seen a paper from New York. And then the headline: 'Linda Stuart Trial Opens'! From that moment I was on my way.

"On the boat I kept telling myself, 'She did it because he was cruel—somehow he tortured her into it.' Don't you see? It would make no difference to me. I knew there were reasons—good reasons—"

His excitement subsided and he spoke confidentially now: "But she's not guilty, judge! I know that now!"

"Oh? How are you so sure?"

Scott said eagerly, "Because, don't you see, if she were, how could she be lying in there asleep?"

"How do you know she's asleep?"

Scott was silent. Presently the judge's voice went on with grave precision: "Don't misunderstand me. I too believe that she is innocent. Or rather let me put it this way and say I *will* believe that she is innocent if she makes no attempt to confess before she marries you. That will convince me—because I know Linda so well. Only"—his voice became stern—"you must give her up now unless you are prepared to hear a confession."

"I'm prepared," Scott said with tight lips.

AS a man would with his son the judge laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder and they walked on. They were some distance away from the house now, and they did not hear the front doorbell ring.

But Linda, lying sleepless on the couch, heard, and got up to answer it. On the doorstep stood Willie Collins, ludicrous in his Sunday suit and straw hat. A small bunch of wilted pink roses were clutched in his red paw.

"Why, Willie!"

He extended the flowers awkwardly. "They're fer yer Aunt Rilla's grave, Miss Linda. I been watchin' till everybody got gone, so's I could bring 'em to you."

Linda was touched. "Come in, Willie, won't you? There are some sandwiches left. And thank you so much for the flowers."

"I bought 'em with my own money," he said proudly. With clumsy fingers he removed his hat and followed her inside. While she went to the pantry he stood in the parlor and gazed about admiringly.

"That's a swell pianny yeh got, ain't it?" he said when she returned.

"Haven't you ever been in here before?" she asked, surprised.

Swallowing prematurely the sandwich he had crammed whole into his mouth, he mumbled thickly, "On'y that time I took you to the depot to go to New York. But you didn't have the pianny then."

"No, that's right," Linda murmured, remembering—and fell silent, absently watching him eat. How tired she was! No, the piano was a reward for giving up New York. Or was it the car? Or the diamond ring? It was all a jumble now, because she was so tired, so tired.

Suddenly Willie said reproachfully, "You goin' away?"

"Yes, Willie, I'm going away."

"I heard 'em say down the street you was goin' to marry that man. Scott Barclay. That ain't right, is it?"

"Yes, that's right."

THE accusing light drained out of Willie's face and left it pasty. Unconsciously, as if he were speaking to himself, he breathed, "Then I won't have you any more!"

"Why, Willie!" She was going to say, "What do you mean?" She was going to say, "You never did have me!" But his lost, forsaken look stopped her. Instead she put her fingers on his arm and said pityingly: "I'll still be your friend, Willie, even if I'm not here. We'll always be friends, won't we?"

He looked at her hand on his arm, holding it motionless, as if a butterfly had lit there. Then he turned away dully.

"It won't be the same. You'll be married."

Overcome with emotion, he sat down suddenly and closed his eyes. His thick words, barely intelligible, came from his very heart:

"No one else won't never love you like I do!"

Linda could only look at him incredulously. "Willie!"

Two large tears seeped under his lids and he brushed them away impatiently. Then he was on his feet, his face thrust toward her in the gathering dusk, round and pale as it had been that night in the woods. His voice was eager now, mysterious. He was making his last desperate appeal for her attention—playing his trump card.

"Miss Linda, who do you think killed Clayton Carroll?"

Linda was so startled that she could only stare at him. Then she said in a low voice, her eyes fastened on him as if she sought to look into his mind:

"Do *you* know?"

And he came back with the amazing question: "Don't *you?*"

They gazed at each other then, fascinated. There grew in his eyes a secret, mysterious satisfaction. His voice dropped to a whisper: "Yes'm. I know."

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He led her to the window. Pointing out to the grove of pines, he said simply, "It was the fairies done it!"

So sharp was her reaction that Linda leaned against the window for support. Finally she said in a faint voice: "Perhaps you're right. You'd better go now, Willie. You see, I'm tired—"

Willie was pitifully hurt. He turned away angrily. "You don't believe in fairies, do you, Miss Linda?" he reproached her. "But *I* believe in 'em. They're all I'll have left now, after you're gone. An' they've always been your friends. They killed Clayton Carroll for you. An' you don't believe!"

She said pityingly, "Very well, Willie. Perhaps they did. Only really—you must go—"

"All right." Offended, he shuffled to the door, and she followed him and opened it. He stepped outside sullenly, then he stepped quickly inside again, shut the door behind him, and faced her defiantly.

"I can prove it!" he whispered with shining eyes.

FULL of confidence now, he strode back into the parlor and sat down.

"I'll tell you. I'll tell you all about it! I'll make you believe!" He hitched forward. "I got them to help you that night! You looked so purty in your white dress. I was goin' to get the ice cream you told me to. So I followed you to Clay's house. I hid down below, in the bushes. You was in there a long time while I waited. It got to rainin' an' I was gettin' wet, but I didn't care. I had the fairies with me, fer comp'ny. Seems like I forgot about the ice cream.

"Then I seen you come out on to the porch outside—that upstairs porch. You was holdin' somethin' in yer hand an' you was pointin' it at Clay. I heard you yellin', 'I'll kill you! I'll kill you!' An' then I seen it was a gun you had.

"Miss Linda—then I knew you really hated him! All them years I'd thought you was lovin' him, an' me feelin' so bad about it—but you really hated him all along! Gosh, I was glad! I felt like dancin'!

"Then I seen you drop the gun an' run down the stairs, an' I knew you was scared to do what you wanted to do.

"I seen the gun fall down in the grass off the porch.

"I stayed quiet till you'd been gone a little, an' I seen Clay come to the door an' stand starin' out after you. Then he went back inside; but he left the door a little bit open.

"Then, Miss Linda, it all come to me! I knew what to do, an' I called the fairies to me! They allus come when I call 'em. I don't make no noise when I do it, but they come just the same. An' they all come troopin' from every which-way—behind the trees, outa the bushes, like a swarm o' bees—till I had about a million, I guess. An' I told 'em what I wanted, an' they picked up the gun—it was heavy for 'em, so I helped a little—an' we all crept up the stairs—an' they pushed the door open an' all rushed in, till the room was full of 'em. An' I whispered to 'em, 'Go ahead,' I says. 'Miss Linda hates 'im. She wants 'im dead, but she's scared—'

"Clay was standin' in front of the fireplace lookin' down at the ashes, but the fairies an' me we weren't afeared. We kept goin', an' I was helpin' 'em hold the gun, an' just before we got to 'im he whirled around, an' his face all twisted up in a funny kinda laugh when he seen his room was full o' fairies an' me. Just then the gun went off an' he fell right down, with his hand almost in the fire. Then we threw the gun in the fire too an' all went away. All of us went down the stairs together in the rain.

"An' I went around an' Leon Griggs he give me four dishes of ice cream. An' I seen you on the lawn an' it looked like everybody was happy. I seen Clay too, but I knew it was only his ghost—I knew Clay was upstairs lyin' dead in his room.

"I ain't never told a livin' breathin' soul but you. Even maw don't believe in fairies, so I couldn't even tell her."

After a long silence Linda's voice, which was barely above a whisper, said, "Willie, why did you tell me this?"

"I was goin' to tell it there in the court, because I thought mebbe they oughta know about it; but they made me so mad, not believin' like that about the fairies, an' then askin' me what did I say to you an' all like that, an' did you have on a blue dress or a white one, that I knew they'd never believe an' I wouldn't tell no more."

Then he added, with a sort of humble pride, "But I did want *you* should know they done it fer you!"

He turned his faithful-dog's eyes trustingly to her. "You will believe in 'em now, Miss Linda?" he said, in a kind of despair.

Linda's eyes, which had been closed, opened; and she replied in a low voice, "Yes, Willie, I'll believe in them now."

At that his face shone and he rose contentedly.

"I'll go now."

AT the door she stopped him, choosing her words carefully.

"Please thank the fairies for me. And, Willie, would you like to have this a secret that no one else in the world knows but just us two? Friends sometimes have secrets like that, you know."

"Gosh!" Willie breathed. "That would be swell!"

"Very well, then. Only you must remember. This is our secret, and you must never, never tell another soul! Not even your mother. Do you promise? Say, 'I promise,' Willie."

She held out her hand and he took it, repeating solemnly, "I promise, Willie—I mean Miss Linda."

Then he was gone, and Linda went back to the couch, spreading the cover over her with trembling fingers. She lay still, but back of her closed eyelids her mind whirled drunkenly. Willie! Willie Collins! The pieces fitted together at last.

The judge was right. Clay would never have committed suicide.

Presently Scott was bending over her. She opened her eyes and smiled.

"We thought you were asleep, so the judge went on home. Do you feel rested?"

She stroked his cheek and said wistfully, "Dear, I have to tell you something. Before we get married I have to

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tell you." Her eyes grew troubled. "Perhaps you won't want to marry me when you know."

For a moment horror appeared in his eyes, a panic so unmistakable that she burst out laughing. Thank God she could be natural at last! She sat up and hugged him.

"Oh, darling, did you think I was guilty? Was *that* what you thought? And still you wanted to save me? Oh, Scott, Scott! You do love me, don't you?"

She laughed, but there was a catch in her voice.

He hid his face against her hair and murmured in an agony of relief, "Wait till I tell the judge! Forgive me, sweet, for ever doubting you!" He kissed her solemnly several times and finally asked, "So what was it you wanted to tell me, if it wasn't that?"

Linda answered, "We're going to have a baby."

Bewilderment, incredulity, amazement chased each other across his face, and at last, to her intense relief—joy.

He folded her tightly in his arms but could find no words except, "Oh, my darling! My little love!"

Without warning she began to cry. Twisting away from him, she was torn with racking sobs.

Scott sat helpless; his hands hung limp with amazement. At last he protested:

"But, darling, why are you crying *now?* All your troubles are over. You can be happy now!"

"I *am* happy," she sobbed. "That's why I'm crying!"

Scott's eyes called on high Heaven to witness women.

The storm passed, leaving her weak and calm, her hand lying in his. Peace—at last—pervaded them.

The twilight had thickened until now it was dark in the room.

"Always from now on, we'll watch the evening come together. For years and years. Do you feel better? Did you get any sleep while I was gone?"

He said it with no thought—he had forgotten what her sleep was to prove.

She opened her eyes.

"No—yes. Yes, I slept and had the strangest dream.

"Tell me about it." His voice held only lazy content.

"I dreamed that Willie Collins murdered Clay."

"You might be right, at that," Scott commented after a moment.

Then he laughed and kissed her fingers one by one. "But we'll never tell on him, will we?"

"No, we'll never tell," she agreed, and fell asleep.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL** by T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran & Co.
Unhappy, depicting existence as futile and a jest, the Vaiden family carries on through a real-estate boom, attempted lynchings, illicit and frustrated love in this third of the trilogy about Southern life which started with The Forge and The Store. A Literary Guild selection.

★ ★ ★ **WATER FRONT** by John Brophy. The Macmillan Company.
Murder, sex, and love—and the salty smells of the water front. Not a particularly original story, but told with convincing and racy realism. Several moments that really grip you.

★ ★ ½ **JONAH'S GOURD VINE** by Zora Neale Hurston. J. B. Lippincott Company.
The ambitions and faults, superstitions and heartaches, humor and strength of the Negroes told as only one of their own could tell them.

★ ★ **PRIVATE WORLDS** by Phyllis Bottome. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Manages to be interesting in spite of being laid in a psychopathic atmosphere.

★ ★ **WOODROW WILSON** by Edith Gittings Reid. Oxford University Press.
A painstaking book which still does not bring back its subject from the tomb. The great biography of this almost great man is yet to be written.

★ ★ **WHATEVER GOES UP** by George C. Tyler in collaboration with J. C. Furnas. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
Mr. Tyler, Broadway producer who mocks at Broadway producers, tells the tale of his life.

★ ★ **THE SUPERHUMAN LIFE OF GESAR OF LING** by Alexandra David-Neel and the Lama Yongden. Claude Kendall.
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This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

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Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, rule them out of your life.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

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Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

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WOULD LIKE TO SEE A HOUSE-CLEANING

BALTIMORE, MD.—I am not a Socialist, Communist, nor I. W. W. I do not want to see capitalism killed, because I know that capitalism is essential to the welfare of the nation and the world. But not the kind of capitalism that some of the Wall Street gang and some of the Steel gang would force upon us.

I don't want to see the stock market driven into the Atlantic Ocean, but I would like to see a house-cleaning there. I don't want to see Andy Mellon persecuted for no better reason than that he has a few hundred million dollars, or maybe a billion. Neither do I want to see him paying his aluminum workers twenty-five cents an hour and selling his aluminum to airplane manufacturers at an outrageous price.

I don't want to see General Johnson stick an NRA sign on any business which would prevent it from making a decent profit, for that would throw thousands of workers out of employment.

It does not require prophetic vision to see that unreasonable profits and watered stocks have had their day. The real producer of wealth, the laborer, is going to have a new deal, but that new deal does not mean that the American Federation of Labor is going to be allowed to dictate the new industrial construction. This thing of too much food and not enough employment has got to be changed by proper economics and not by radicalism.—*Floyd W. Grady.*

OPEN SEASON ON SPEED DEMONS

AMELIA, OHIO—We shoot bank robbers on sight. Why not shoot speed demons? Put governors on all cars, limiting the speed to, say, thirty-five miles. Then, whoever exceeds the speed limit has tampered with his governor and deliberately decided to play public menace. Shooting is the proper answer.—*M. Falkenberg.*

AN ALL-GAMBLERS TRIAL

LARK'S FIELD RANCH, FLA.—I laugh at the naïveté of persons who say they can't see how women can get so wild over bridge, or men so crazy about golf. They're simply gambling on their ability to beat their opponents.

Please tell me something more hypocritical than a golf-gambling city attorney prosecuting a citizen caught in a raid on a poker game, before a stock-gambling judge, and convicted by a jury of bridge gamblers.—*Robert Blackstone.*

CIVILIZATION HASN'T GONE ENTIRELY TO HELL

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—A seventeen-year-old girl was taken to a New York hospital recently suffering from a rare blood disease. Only a number of blood transfusions could save her life. She did not have the money to pay for them, and the hospital was operating on a too limited budget to buy them for her. So an appeal was made to the public, announcing that the girl must die unless volunteers came forward to give their blood. Within a few days more than 400 persons went to the hospital and offered to submit to transfusions.

This is surprising and encouraging. But it demonstrates the way in which human need must be dramatized if it is to be realized.—*Robert H. Jamison.*

SAN GABRIEL, CALIF. — Civilization hasn't entirely gone to hell, as some believe. A child lay dying in a hospital for want of blood here, with no money and no friends to help. The hospital had no money for which to pay for a transfusion. But they let it be known they would accept donors. Four hundred applications were received in less than twenty-four hours!—*E. J. Howell.*

TYPE FULL OF VODKA

CHICAGO, ILL.—Where in the world did you ever unearth such an ugly type face as that used in your captions of the March 24 issue?

Bold-face is all right for a change, but this looks like it was invented by some Russian full of vodka. — *F. H. Arisman.*

POULTRY FARM FOR VETERAN

BAY CITY, MICH.—A man I know is about forty-six years old and now in a CCC (vet) camp. He would like to set up a poultry farm and has $300 for the project. As educational adviser in this camp I recommend him unreservedly.

The government, I take it, owns many farms taken over by the Federal Farm Labor Board. This man has about $500 due him on his adjusted compensation certificate. Why could not the government allow him this money as a credited down payment on one of the smaller farms it is trying to dispose of and thereby set this veteran up and going? One of the government's obligations would thus cancel the other.—*C. R. Cobb.*

TO THE WISE ONES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If Hugh Fullerton thinks the Washington Senators are going to win the American League pennant, he has a couple of more thinks coming. The Yankees are as good as " in " right now, and if Hugh wasn't all wet he'd realize this himself. And I'm not so sure that the Pirates will cop the flag in the National. As a baseball prophet I'm not so bad, having picked fifteen pennant winners in the major leagues and since 1921 seven out of thirteen in the National and eight out of thirteen in the American.

This is a special warning to the wise ones who are stringing with the Giants and Senators again. By October I'll be saying " I told you so." I want to ask Hugh if he still considers Bridges of Detroit a rookie.—*Wilfred Hetzel.*

THAT ALASKA-JAPANESE QUESTION

NEW YORK, N. Y.—For some mysterious reason, the fantastic notion is being circulated that, in the event of a Japanese-American war, Japan will first occupy Alaska and establish there a base to launch an air attack upon American cities on the Pacific coast.

When Saito arrived in New York, reporters questioned him as to whether Japan coveted Alaska, and the question seemed so silly he dismissed it with one word: " Poppycock! "

But Senator Arthur Robinson and General William Mitchell, both writing in Liberty, argued why Alaska would be attacked by Japan in the first flash of battle. Mitchell said airplane development made Alaska strategically more important than Hawaii or the Panama Canal.

Yosuke Matsuoka wrote an article, Does Japan Want Alaska? for May 19 Liberty, and evidently thought the Alaska question so fatuous he dismissed it in a few lines and launched his characteristic argument on the Far Eastern situation.—*Kiyosha K. Kawakami, New York correspondent for the Osaka Mainichi and the Tokyo Nichi-Nichi.*

GALVESTON, TEX.—Referring to the article by Yosuke Matsuoka, Does Japan Want Alaska? When he writes, " The American people do not seem to know Japan," we become skeptical. We know that Japan says one thing and does another. There is no reliance to be placed on Japan's expressions to any nation or to the world, when it suits Japan's purpose to do otherwise.—*U. C. Coolgrove.*

NORTH BEND, ORE.—Recently we drove to a dock where a Japanese ship was loading a cargo of scrap iron (on Sunday). For some months now the Japanese have been buying all the cheap scrap iron they can get. Will they use it in industry or in armaments?

If the Japanese ever take Alaska, we might as well find another country, because they'll take this country too. But let us hope the people of Japan will not misunderstand our feeling for them, which has been friendly for many years, and start trouble.—*Rhoda L. Banks.*

WICHITA, KAN. — General Mitchell's article (May 12 issue) Give Us More Planes or We Perish extended to Liberty readers the views of one who knows that of which he speaks.

Any person of average intelligence should know that the next war will be decided in the air, and woe be unto the nation caught with an inadequate aërial fleet!—*John M. Elmore.*

SANTA CRUZ, CALIF.—I can't understand why you give space in your magazine to this blow-off Mitchell. He is without doubt the greatest boaster to whom you have given space.

To let him tell it, he alone won the war!—*A Veteran.*

BELOIT, KAN.—I read a letter in May 5 Vox Pop by Ralph Leonard suggesting that we let Japan take Alaska. He states, " After all, they are human beings and apparently need more territory." Then as an afterthought he added, " When the world threatens to get overcrowded, we've still got birth control."

Very human thoughts; but—let's ask

Pop

the folks up in Alaska what they think about a move like that. Remember, they are good loyal citizens. As to birth control, why should we practice it to accommodate Japan? Sounds like treason on Mr. Leonard's part.—*Oscar Moritz.*

HOPES TO WHEEDLE THE BRAIN TRUST

CHARLOTTE, N. C. — California and Florida claimed everything about climate; New York had its boast; Illinois stood up for this, Pennsylvania for that, Texas for one thing, Colorado for another. And on went the parade of states with their "firsts."

Then we discovered Mount Mitchell! Here was something to bring us back from ignominy. The world had forgot about our being "first at Bull Run, farthest at Gettysburg, and last at Appomattox," and most of them didn't even know that America's first white child was born on what is now North Carolina soil. So our chambers of commerce proclaimed Mount Mitchell as "the highest peak east of the Rockies."

But South Dakotans came along and declared us in error. They had a higher peak east of the Rockies, they said. Down went Tarheel stock. About our only hope now is to get our Senator "Bob" Reynolds, who claims to be a mountaineer, to wheedle the Brain Trustees at Washington out of an appropriation. We can take this and pay the unemployed to pry loose one of the near-by little peaks and wheelbarrow it to the top of Mount Mitchell.

The fires of patriotism and ballyhoo must be kept burning! We must not lose to South Dakota.—*Joseph Hutton.*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. — While South Dakota and North Carolina are arguing over which has the highest peak — the former pointing boastfully to Harney with an elevation of 7,242, and the latter to Mitchell, elevation 6,711, they seem to overlook Arkansas, where towers Mount Magazine to a majestic height of 33,876 (inches).—*V. C. Brack.*

IRVINGTON, KY. — If South Dakota and North Carolina fail to settle their argument over which has the highest mountain peaks, advise them to bring their molehills to Kentucky and bury them in the Mammoth Cave.—*R. Caine.*

WHERE RIVARD DIED

LYONS, N. J.—In regard to Frank W. Butler's story I Saw Lincoln Shot, in May 19 Liberty, I noted one mistake. Lieutenant John B. Rivard did not die in Woodbine, New Jersey, but at the Veterans Hospital, Lyons, in Ward 9-B. This is a fact, because I attended him for the few weeks before he died.—*Ted Brickley, U. S. V. H.*

NO WOMAN—ONE STAR

DETROIT, MICH.—In March 31 Liberty you gave The Lost Patrol 4 stars in your rating for talking pictures, while in the April 14 issue David Harum received only 3 stars. I sure wish I knew how you figure things! The Lost Patrol surely does not deserve more than a single star. Just think of it once—not a woman in the picture!—*C. R. Hoy.*

"THINKS TEACHER A SISSY"

DAYTON, OHIO — Why are schoolteachers held in such contempt? Why do the young men and girls of today no longer aspire to become teachers, as they did in former years?

The reason can be traced directly to the present home. If a teacher of today tells a parent a thing or two about his darling, that parent will say at home, "That underpaid smart-Aleck teacher has a lot of nerve to talk to me like that!"

The child hears that kind of talk frequently at home and feels a resentment toward his teacher.

Also a teacher is required to have certain ideals and good habits. He should abstain from drinking, smoking, bad language.

The child observes that his parents indulge in such practices and thinks the teacher is a sissy.

When parents discuss their children's teachers, they should take care that the youngsters do not overhear them; for, after all, the teacher is acting to the best of his judgment and ability.—*Margaret Rabas.*

IF THE NRA SHOULD FAIL

GUELPH, ONT.—The majority of Canadians are rooting for Roosevelt and wish there was a man in the Canadian government who is as good.

From what I've read and heard over the radio, however, I gather that the President is not getting the proper cooperation.

In times like these, everybody from Wall Street to Alaska should be rooting for the President. If the NRA should fail the blame may be laid at the door of the ones who are not entering into the spirit of the thing.—*James E. Grimshaw.*

UNFAIR TO UNEMPLOYED

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—I heard of a man who had retired from a successful business being appointed to serve jury duty on a case that would last for some time.

It seems unfair that unemployed men who are intelligent and alert as to current happenings cannot be called for such work.

In the name of justice it seems the proper thing to take care of those in need, and this is one avenue open to prove that theory.—*Peter E. Voytek.*

FAMILY LIFE OF A SAILOR

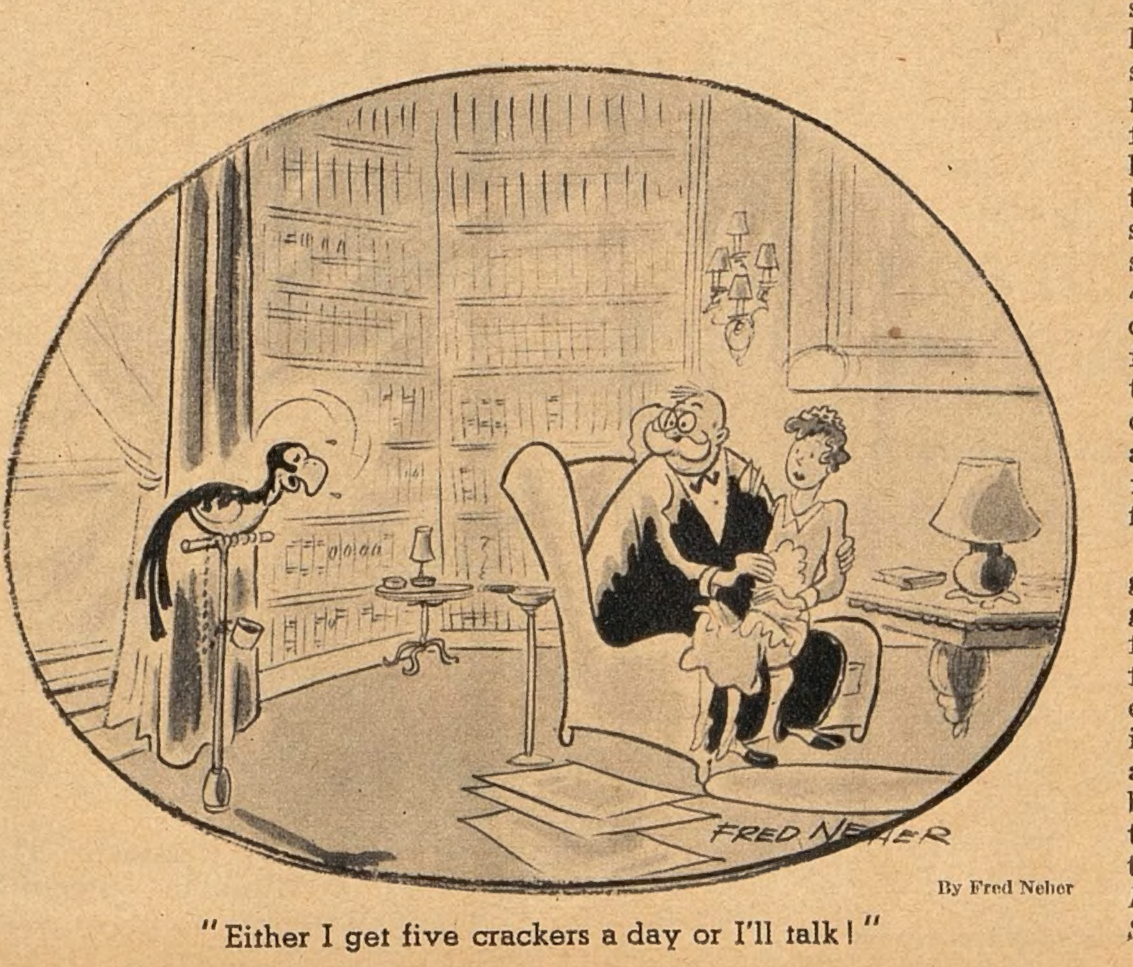
KITTERY, ME.—May a sailor's wife make a few remarks about sailors?

Recently in the daily papers I saw a picture, The Fleet's In, by a young Greenwich Village artist, showing a group of sailors and girls on a park bench.

It was not allowed by navy officials to be exhibited in Washington, although it represented the public's idea of sailors.

Why don't people realize a sailor has some kind of family life? The average sailor sends an allotment either to his folks or to his wife, keeping only what the government insists he keep for himself. More than 40,000 women and children crossed from California to the east coast in May of this year to make a home for their men while "the fleet's in."

Sailors are not all golden-haired angels, but I've been following the fleet for four years and expect to be following it for eight more, and can ask for no better friends than the men who wear the white caps. — *Katherine Oyster Studer.*



By Fred Neher

"Either I get five crackers a day or I'll talk!"

TODAY'S CENTER

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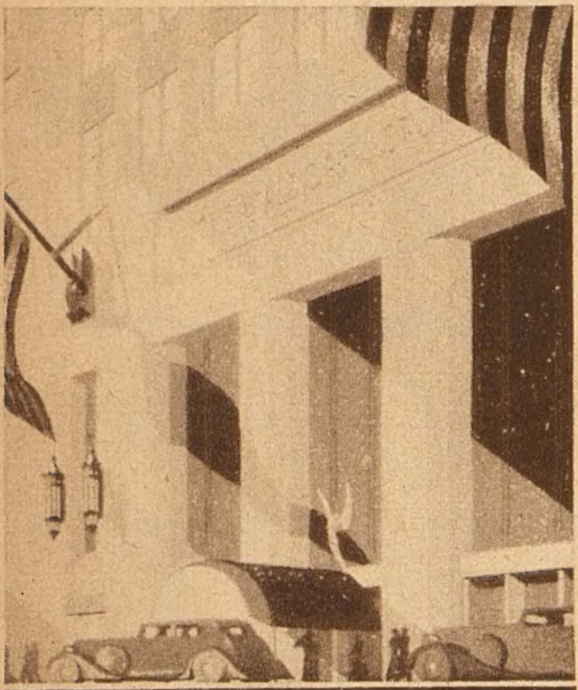

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★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

Beginning

THE CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE

By Erle Stanley Gardner

In which Perry Mason, who solved the baffling Case of the Howling Dog, follows the tangled threads of an even more fascinating mystery.

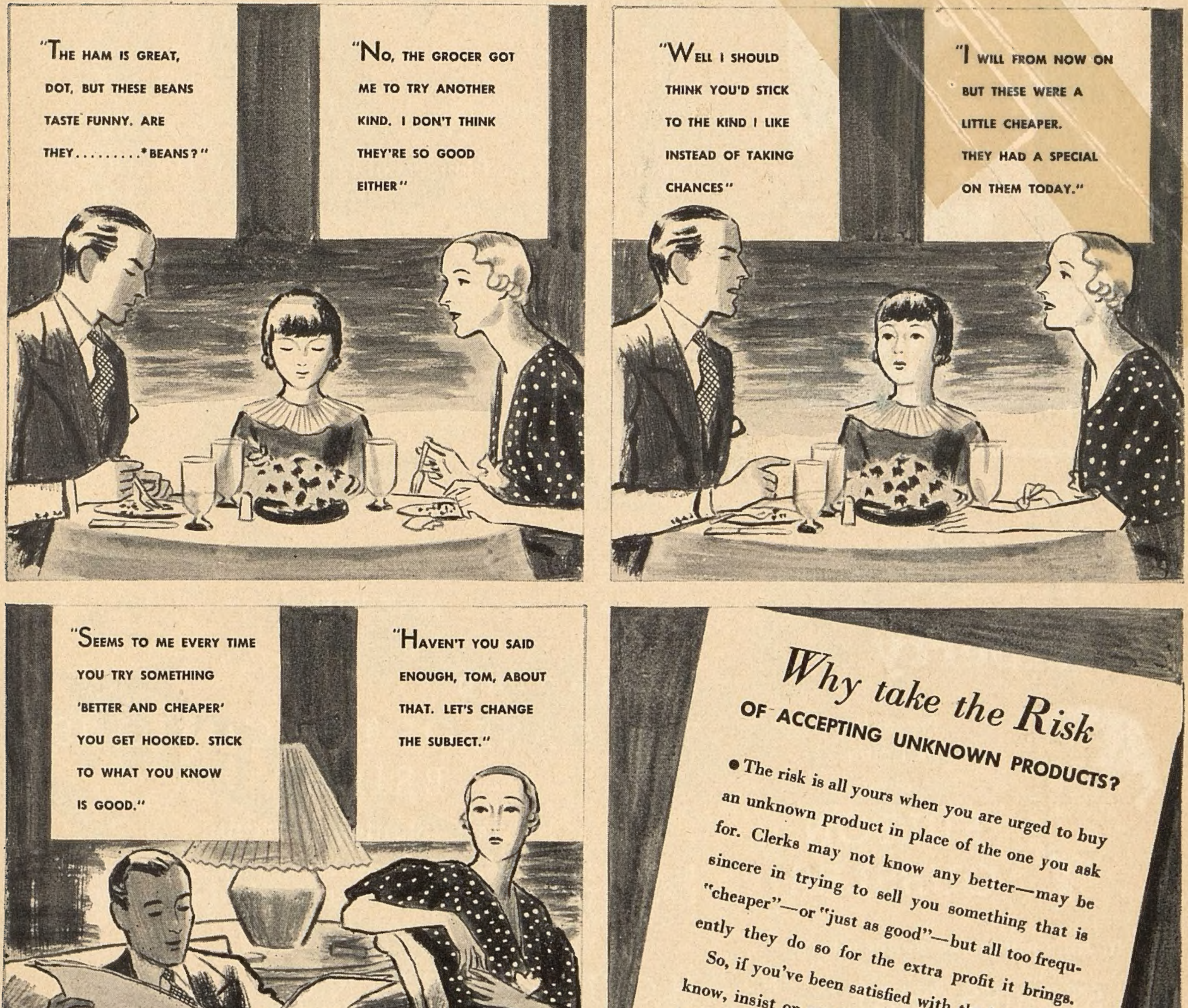
HOUSEKEEPING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

By Anna Roosevelt Dall

A behind-the-scenes glimpse of a difficult job and the quiet lady who performs it.

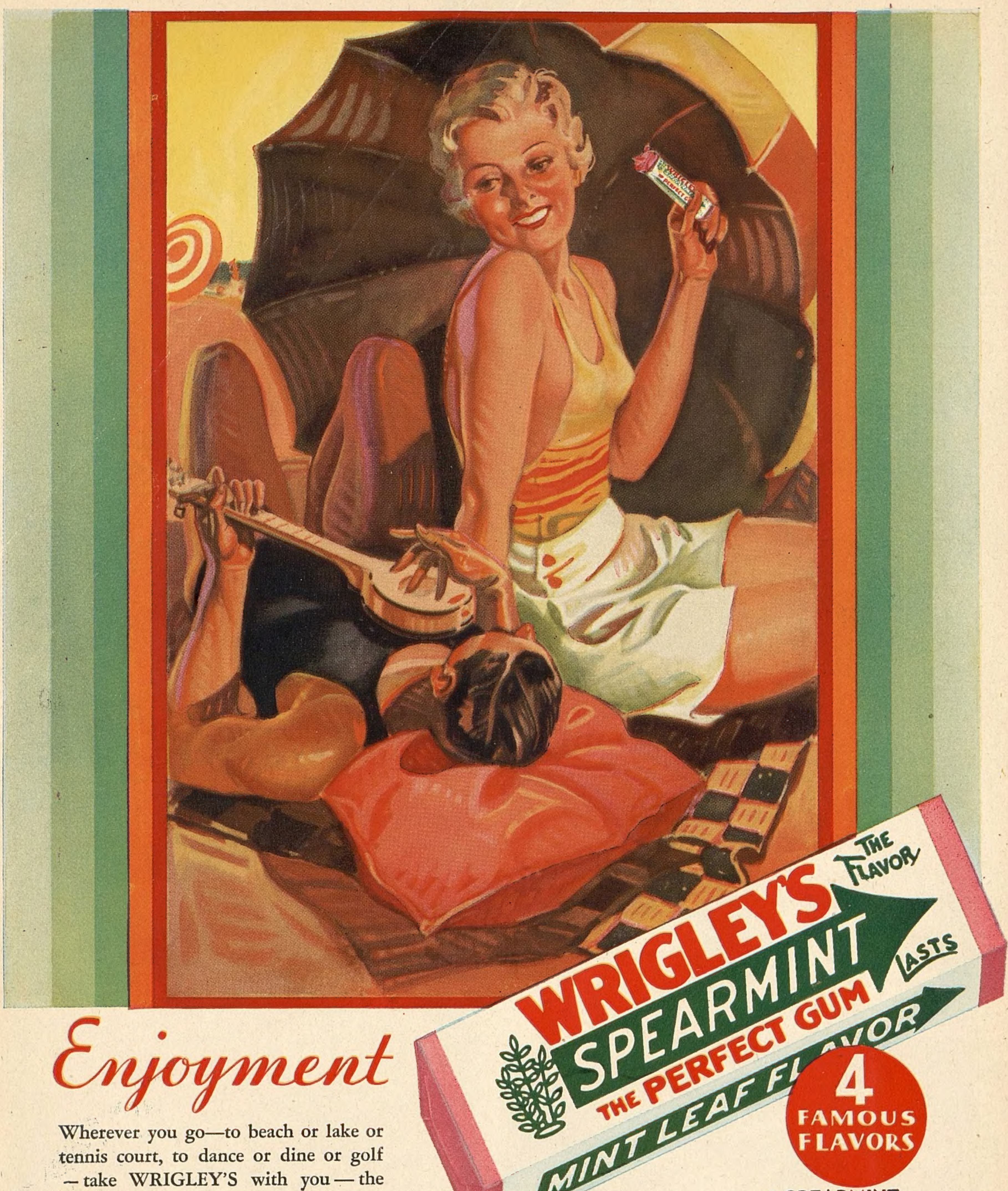
Other stories and articles by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, General William Mitchell, Vincent Sheean, Dick Williams, and others

It Happens IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES


"THE HAM IS GREAT, DOT, BUT THESE BEANS TASTE FUNNY. ARE THEY.........*BEANS?"
"NO, THE GROCER GOT ME TO TRY ANOTHER KIND. I DON'T THINK THEY'RE SO GOOD EITHER"
"WELL I SHOULD THINK YOU'D STICK TO THE KIND I LIKE INSTEAD OF TAKING CHANCES"
"I WILL FROM NOW ON BUT THESE WERE A LITTLE CHEAPER. THEY HAD A SPECIAL ON THEM TODAY."
"SEEMS TO ME EVERY TIME YOU TRY SOMETHING 'BETTER AND CHEAPER' YOU GET HOOKED. STICK TO WHAT YOU KNOW IS GOOD."
"HAVEN'T YOU SAID ENOUGH, TOM, ABOUT THAT. LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT."

Why take the Risk OF ACCEPTING UNKNOWN PRODUCTS?

● The risk is all yours when you are urged to buy an unknown product in place of the one you ask for. Clerks may not know any better—may be sincere in trying to sell you something that is "cheaper"—or "just as good"—but all too frequently they do so for the extra profit it brings. So, if you've been satisfied with the brand you know, insist on getting it. A few cents saved in buying an unknown food product can mean an entire meal ruined. So be safe! Demand the brand you know all about and get it!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